

Killing for Survival: Page 70

Esquire

FEBRUARY 1981 · PRICE \$2.00

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FEATURES

BILL BAIRD'S HOLY WAR by Amy Merlot

As the battle over abortion escalates, this self-named saint of the pro-choice forces stands resolute at the center of the fray, attacking his allies and his enemies alike

THE PATRIOTISM OF FRANCIS CAVIA by Wiley Kaye

The music of America let command to him more than forty years ago is still a man to believe in

THE GLORY BOYS by Harry Stein

These guys are selfish, and they play it with a passion that they show for nothing else, including their jobs and their wives. They don't get paid, but the stakes are high—they play to keep the title they made alive

A MONTH OF SUNDAYS FLOWERS by Vincent Boucher

Pressing spectacular sporting events a perfect for playing around in when weekends finally arrive

INVASION OF THE ASTEROIDS by David Owen

What's bigger than a broadband, more fun than a game of pool, more stimulating than a three-woman lunch? It's a video game called Asteroids, and it's a rampant space addiction

LITTLE BIG MAN by Rya Truisky

It's the story of career mortals, but they're called Olympic heights in the world of professional basketball. Meet foot-foot-eight-inch Charlie Crist, the shortest player in the NBA

SHOOTING TO KILL by Peter A. Laitz

What's a good urban liberal to do these days when he decides that simple self-defense requires a gun? Why, he learns to shoot one, naturally, and he takes his lessons from the very best

WHY MEDICINES MAKE ME NERVOUS by William A. Nolen, M.D.

A physician reveals what he doesn't always tell his patients about the potential hazards of prescription drugs

ME AND WOODY ALLEN ARE JUST LIKE THAT by Richard Tesser

Direct from the set of *Stardust Memories*, the personal memoir of an enigmatic movie star

AN EVENING WITH AMY IRVING

A night out with the knockout Irish *Honeyquartz Rose* and *The Conjurators*

THE BOYFRIEND'S DUPLICITY Fiction by Francisco Goldman

His ambition and love and New York City and an adopted dog that have this tale

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THE ESQUIRE

Early Warnings, Cleland Comments, Gestaltion Advice

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL SLICKER, JAMES J. ARNOLD, MICHAEL PEREZ, and LARRY DEPAULA or PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE W. BROWN, FRANK BROWN

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consequently, the only way to ensure a high level of security is to use a secure communication channel. This is why the use of a secure communication channel is essential for the security of the system. The use of a secure communication channel is essential for the security of the system. The use of a secure communication channel is essential for the security of the system.

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BASKETBALL WITH ESQUIRE A HARD-LINE LINEUP

IN LAST year's April cover story, "The End of the Soft Line," *Esquire* predicted a major shift in American values to somewhere we called the hard-line culture. We observed that economics had become more conservative, that flag-waving patriotism was at its "law and order" was no longer a turn of abuse, and that a concern for the common good was replacing the traditional libertarian celebration of the individual will. Now, a year later, all this is reinforced by our hard-line President, a decidedly more conservative-leaning nation, and, best but not least, three features of this month's *Esquire* that plug directly into the new era.



John Wayne represented the hard-line culture on our April 1980 cover.

Esquire's lead feature, "Bill Barth's Holy War" (page 28), by Andy Merzian, celebrates the arrival of the new hard-line culture—the Reagan administration's zealous commitment to outlawing abortions that are not medically necessary. Merzian, who has teamed with the help of the cops in the 1970s, has a large number of adamant, self-righteous opponents who have become more effectively organized in their fight to ban the pro-life Barth, whose centers perform abortions, has consistently chosen to do legal and public battle with the so-called right-to-life. Author Merzian, who is writing a book on the right-to-life activity, stresses that people on both sides of the abortion issue are sincere and should not be viewed as anti-life or anti-woman. Merzian also believes that, like it or not, today's childbearing generation must face the fact that legal abortion in this country stands less than a fifty-fifty chance of surviving the next four years.

Political writer Walter Karp compared to Silver Lake, California, to visit with one of America's all-time great movie directors, eighty-three-year-old Frank Capra. Karp discussed with him another phenomenon of the hard-line culture: patriotism ("The Persistence of Frank Capra," page 32). Capra, who is probably best known for *My Sweet Girl in Washington*,

came to Los Angeles from Sicily as a small boy and has a passion for American ideals. But Capra is no chauvinistic flag-waver and no hardliner. Not by a long shot.

Another concern that helped shape the hard-line culture is the rise in violent crime and, particularly, its spread to affluent city neighborhoods and suburbs. In its stirring, worrisome narrative, many people who grew up with a total disdain for lawless have begun to arm themselves for their own self-defense. "Shooting to Kill" (page 70), by Peter A. Lurie, is an account of how Lurie, enrolled in a handgun course at Arizona's Granite Ranch. There he not only gained skills but was introduced to the chilling perspective that our society is under continuous siege. Lurie's description of the course and of his fellow students makes for a read that is both enlightening and disturbing.

ETHICS COLUMNIST Harry Stein loves baseball, and one of the joys of his life is playing in two softball leagues each summer. One day in my office, he was telling me about his encounter with a number of guys in their late twenties and early thirties for whom softball is the centerpiece of their lives—no joke at that, although they hold down full-time jobs and have wives and children; they play in league games almost every night.

"Who are these guys? How do they find the time and energy? What happens to the other aspects of their lives?" Barry wondered. I responded by describing the "eternal jinks" I had encountered while playing baseball, soccerball, and tennis. For them, the sport took priority over almost everything else. We agreed that Stein would spend a summer with a group of softball jocks just to see how they worked out their lives. The result is this month's cover story, "The Ugly Boys" (page 36). It's a delightful and mad story of heroic misadventure, generous efforts, unskilled defense.

ESQUIRE SENT David Owen to Glendale, California, to get the story on the new street and neighborhood video games, such as Space Invaders and Asteroids, that have turned many a professional man into just another arcade addict ("Evolution of the Arcade," page 54). Owen, an Astoria public broadcaster, returned from California with the scoop on these funny electronic jinks. If you are already a video player, this is required reading, and if you haven't had the pleasure, be forewarned that you will find yourself wired into a new, exploding universe.

ALSO IN this month's issue, our friend and favorite M.D., William A. Nolen, writes about how he and other doctors prescribe medicines ("Why Medicines Make Me Nervous," page 77). You'll learn the cold truths of being a movie star from Richard Dreyfuss' "Me and Woody Allen Are Just Like This" (page 80). And while we're in an instructional mood, you might like to learn how to play basketball against the big guys—in Rick Blumberg's profile of five-foot-eight Charlie Crow, "Little Bug Man" (page 60). Finally, we recommend American Best columnist Bob Greene's description of his recent visit with that all-time hardliner Richard Nixon ("Reflections in a Wary Eye," page 14).

All in all, an issue worth paying attention to.

—PHILLY MOLLAT

ILLUSTRATION—GUSTAV GUTTEN

"Ask."

Funny, isn't it? Chances are you need life insurance. In fact, you probably have a policy or two tucked away in a drawer.

But life insurance isn't something you can file away and forget. If it is going to work for you and for your family, it must be the right kind of insurance. The right amount. And fit your changing needs.

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LETTERS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MARRIAGE AND THE SINGLE MAN

YOUR DECEMBER cover story ("Looking for a Wife," by Lee Eisenberg) is another sign of how Eisenberg is changing and taking a straightforward look at the current state of male-female relationships. Women's magazines have traditionally covered the areas of dating, marriage, commitment, and love. I'm glad your magazine's editors realize that most men are looking for a companion with depth, not just a two-dimensional playmate.

River Emily
Springfield, Mo.

LET'S GET it straight, says The modern, capable, managerial woman has no mystery, and mystery is the price equivalent of love. But trying out love, I'm capable and entrepreneurial—why should I be charmed by those qualities in someone else?

Show me a woman who survives (thinks, even) on self, intimate qualities such as compassion, and I'll show you a woman I can love.

Gregory Cline
Lakewood, Colo.

WHAT A touching, heart-wrenching portrait of modern man looking for a wife. And what a surprise to learn that the primary function of the woman of the writer's dream is nurturing and maternity that you'd get to tell us some thing. What does she use to comb the black hair? make oil her kitchen floor? Surely a woman whose most endearing quality is the ability to "keep one's kids quiet" for twenty minutes must have a great deal about her. And what does she do after she stops speech marks? And if she is so terrific as all that, why are all her friends on the patio so play-eyed, and why don't they take care of their own kids?

We wonder Lee Eisenberg can't find her. What did he'd have to take a second job to support her? Thoreau's habit.

Sally Orsag
New York, N.Y.

IT WAS with relief and pleasure that I read your article "Looking for a Wife." Having been a terrific single male in Boston (don't ages twenty-five to twenty-eight), I can imagine that it is still much the same if

am now thirty-one and recently married to a girl and superior person.

I would like to pass on a few suggestions to those still out in the arena. Everyone I know has at least one major drawback. It's basically a matter of finding the one that you can handle living with and hoping that someone can live with you.

It is harder to get married these days because we have such high expectations, a real fear of failure, a high value on individualism (which makes it hard to work with another person), and a rather spoiled, selfish immaturity. After you're about twenty-seven it gets harder and harder to marry. There seems to be more and more points to consider—too much like buying a used car. And there seems to be more and more reasons not to do it.

Finally, I recommend that if getting married has reached a level of importance equal with your career or other values, leave your environment for a couple of years. It's obviously not working for you. Go to a place you've always wanted to go to, and live and work there. After you have met your match, come back, as I did, and simply all that your city and region have to offer together. That's a dream.

Mica, if you must stick around, start to ask girlfriends out of office, and don't go to bed with her for two to three weeks, even if she begs you (she's looked into the bed habit, too). This alone may change your satisfaction in relationships dramatically.

Holly Washburn Mottam
Andover, Mass.

DOWN ON THE BAYOU

NEES CHEERS if I didn't know better, I'd swear *Equinox* was edited in mid-bayou Pointe-Aux-Chenes. Seriously, *Equinox* is the most engaging, sensuous magazine I've ever seen. It has thanks for teaching our big coosms hearts down here with your lavish gaze ("The Best Food in New Orleans," by Mimi Sheraton, the subject of the finest cuisine to be found anywhere)—yes, unapologetically.

As a free-lance photographer, I am always impressed by your liberal use of fine-art photography, and don't ever map during those beautiful women.

Ruth Oliver
Theodore, La.

I REFER to Mimi Sheraton's article "The Best Food in New Orleans." The photo-

graphs helped to evoke the "inside" knowledge expressed by Sheraton's prose; however, an injustice was committed when the writer from *Globeville* was incorrectly identified as Anne Tish. The man pictured is Steven Le Moel, who has for years personified the elegant aspect of a meal at *Globeville*.

John C. Reynolds
New Orleans, La.

THE MAJORS AND THE MINORS

WHAT IS a minor poet, anyway? John Simon ("These Are a Few of My Favorite Things," December) performs no service by tossing the term at a writer as fine as Randall Jarrell. It lacks the very thing Simon rightly praises in Jarrell's criticism, that is, concision. How, when, and where is a writer's work minor? Was John Donne, for example, a minor poet in Elizabethan times and a major one only in the modern era? The term recalls a game that *Belmont's* anonymous Marjory plays with her daughter: when at the latest time man, who she thought fat man, or even. Can the division of the cruxes ever be final, and is it ever helpful? Certainly not if it discourages readers from reading that which would delight and inform them.

Such was not Simon's intent, but a minor such as he could not use such labels without his having some deleterious effect. For Simon to have extended his appreciation of Jarrell's concision simply by saying he was a good poet would have been helpful.

Ed O'Leary
Staples, S.D.

JOHN SIMON REPLIES: A minor poet is someone who does not often perform at the top of his form and whose top form is generally not up to that of the poets given prominence by the critical consensus. In any case, calling Jarrell-poetry minor was not meant as a putdown, so in the poetry league for all, while in baseball, minor is very honorable indeed, and what some very fine practitioners have to make do with. I was merely trying to dramatize the fact that Jarrell's criticism is even better than his poetry.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and phone number. The South and the North, America, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

BY ADAM SMITH

HE BIG PICTURE

A planetary planner looks first at the way the world works, then at solutions

WHEN I meet a very famous economist, I tend to treat him as an authority figure who can point into the future. I know it does not necessarily make good sense, but it seems to make more sense than asking a quarterback what we should do about the economy.

Recently I met a very famous economist at a club dinner. The gentleman was properly attired in his dinner jacket, checking urbanely to one another, and in their midst was a smallish, gray-haired, very lively man telling stories in a Mel Brooks-Karl Renner Russian accent—an accent that was rich, however, and that only added to his charm. The storyteller was Wacziarg Leontief, and he is famous first at least part reasons. The first is that his work won a Nobel prize in 1972, and the second is that he was the teacher of men who themselves became famous teachers, such as Paul Samuelson, who wrote America's best-known economics textbook and who also won a Nobel prize. I asked Leontief what he liked to do best.

"I like to work," he said. "Working is dynamic. Leontief is very dynamic. Also, I am great about infrastructure. I am true thinking everywhere. Conference in Scotland? I am going because they have great trout stream."

I don't find many world-famous economists who are so free to inform.

Well, yes, but you see, my hybrid restaurant. Filled with wonderful food, steamed. Before the Russian Revolution, of course."

The teacher of the teachers arrived at Harvard in 1932 and taught them until 2005, now he heads New York University's Institute for Economic Studies.

Well, now, concerning Russia's Reagan and high interest rates and rising inflation and all the rest of that, what did he see ahead for us?

The last-contemplating intellectual.

"What is pleasant, not so pleasant. Will be a very tough challenge for the United States."



a planetary planner, and I decided I must talk to him again.

Leontief's great-grandfather was a Russian peasant, the grandfather was a successful trade man and a great Trotskyist boss at St. Petersburg. (Recalling, Leontief went back to Leningrad and visited his house.)

"Beliefs were divided into small apartments," his father made. "The normal transition from business class to intellectual class" by becoming an economics professor. Leontief remembers Leontief speaking to crowd interest of the Water Palace, and the very beliefs of the history. Leontief went to the University of Leningrad in 1925 with the degree of business economist, the new government had

closed him into all several important universities.

Leontief went to the University of Berlin and wrote his first papers about the method of laying out economic data on a matrix. He did go back to the Soviet Union, he stayed in Germany

and finished his doctoral thesis, "The Economy as a General Flow," at the University of Berlin. His published work led the Chinese government to invite him to be a consultant on planning for the national railroad, which he remembers as a great adventure, especially for a young man of twenty-three. "I took the slow boat from Westerbelt, Egypt, Ankara, Geyre, to Istanbul. I got there, and there was no information, so, so, I got the answer to get me a diploma, and we mounted a camera in it and took pictures of the crops, from which we could make estimates of farm production for planning the rail lines. Besides that, at the time, I made on the floor."

Leontief escaped the bullets and returned to Kiel. Shortly thereafter he was invited to the United States by the National Bureau of Economic Research—broadly staff for such a young man. From Washington he was a guest to come to Moscow, he said he would go only if he could have a research assistant to help get to

graber an input-output table of the entire United States. The Harvard assistant were skeptical. They would have him and give him an assistant, but only if he promised to "report to us completely on your failure." So far from failure was Leontief that by the postwar years, his project had become a training ground for a whole generation of business economists. It is surprising, then, to hear him say "Economicists do not like me." It is surprising because, to an outsider, Leontief is a technical economist, not it is the technicians who see suspension of him.

"I try to teach the way the world works, not to distort. The most difficult and fascinating job is that the facts are not organized. Theory anybody can do. The transformation of facts into mathematics is a mystery, like the rain, with its wet and blood. Economics is everybody's everyday experience. By the end of the nineteenth century, most of the facts were empirical. That left two paths: start using assumptions or do not dirty work and dig up more facts. Mathematical economists, using many facts, they came to their own assumptions to handle a formidable load of algebraic signs. When I was president of the American Economic Association, I said, the king is naked."

The emperor has no clothes! Missing the economic profession.

"King, emperor, you can like him like you want."

Back to the stripes, the ones on the case in the supermatrix.

"Yes, the stripes have before, I have said, don't kill the milk machine, the Russians killed it, and they are in a mess. But that doesn't mean you have to believe the chamber of commerce—that any analysis will tell you. The course of human activity is to work things out, but the technology of the time—technology the stripes—was also the great opportunity. It is a bigger problem than culture, culture is a way of control."

Leontief adapted to the first ways of technology by working less. People used to work on Saturdays, now they work five days and shorter hours. But the stripes replace the grocery clerk, and the stripes on the bank clerk replace the teller, and everywhere machine replacing labor. When I get there, and there was no information, so, so, I got the answer to get me a diploma, and we mounted a camera in it and took pictures of the crops, from which we could make estimates of farm production for planning the rail lines. Besides that, at the time, I made on the floor."

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smaller supply of work. Now this is not so terrible, but it must be planned for. We are a power country, so we must plan. In the future, we have no power of the same government—labor, agriculture, commerce—not even even concentrated and working at cross-purposes.

"We are sure to have more and more information—in some areas better than in others, so we would have time to talk. But we must have planning, with labor and management working together. The companies that have this, like Austria, will have a lower inflation rate. In Germany, in an arrangement called industrialization, labor sets on the corporate board of directors. Here we still have labor and management in natural enemies—generalists versus specialists, business trying to break the union, union trying to break the management. I don't think that is going to work."

Douglas Fraser (Chief of the United Auto Workers) is on the Chrysler board, because Chrysler is in trouble. When he is on the General Motors board, that will mean something. Business and labor together are the only hope to control inflation."

We already have a bias in our society that says that coming a better than nothing, and if we hold it in it business as well as in housing, then the gap between the owners and the workers is going to become even greater.

If, as individuals, we want to be on the right side of this trend described by Leontief, we will have enough (and an unbalanced) power and influence to make a difficult process in our own societies that is productive, especially if—somehow—it saves labor.

During the 1970s, Leontief worked on a book, "The World as an Input-Output Matrix for the Whole World." A natural input-output table," he wrote, "describes the web of technologically determined interdependencies that constitute the economic system of a country. Naturally, the web of the world is more complex. It is the basic threads together that divided the world into three geographic regions, each described by its own input-output table, and then linked these tables by a network of international commodity flows. The work was published in 1977, in *The Pattern of the World Economy*.

Even though the development of the technologically advanced countries will slow down in the future, the difference in income between the rich and the poor will be a good deal larger in the future. Even though they are poorer to begin with, the least-developed regions of the world will get, relatively, not poorer. By

the year 2000, some may even face an absolute decline in their standard of living. If the needs of the poorer countries are met, some of these countries' ability to pay for their own development will be improved. The gap between the rich and the poor will be a quarter of their needs on a current basis, the rest would have to come on credit. In order to supply that capital, the developed nations would have to use up with a percent of their gross national products, which they're not likely to do.

Is there a way around the problem? The good Mr. Leontief has said: If the world could cut its arms spending—\$450 billion a year—by 25 percent by 1995, and by 60 percent by the year 2000, the gap between the developed and the poorer nations would begin to narrow. The figures would work out, it is a most curious flow. First, the savings from the arms race would go to satisfy domestic civilian needs and then to aid the developing nations, then the poorer nations could use the rest of the world and all could prosper.

It is really possible to talk about arms spending when you are talking about American politicians have promised to beef up the military? In the long run, Leontief thinks, it is. He intends to apply his input-output methods to arms control. Another SALT treaty he says, is not the answer because restricting one kind of arms supply encourages spending on other kinds, engineers can design new weapons that circumvent the agreement.

But if applied—the board says limiting funds were across, both the Russian and the Americans will have to cut back. The United States and the U.S.S.R. have been twice roughly rapped by satellites. With detailed maps, Leontief says, data interpreted from the input-output method can be used to make an equivalent "inspire a table with models of all factors and all factors, but covered with said," he says.

"Even if only a bit of used is blown away, you can tell what is in the whole table by input-output methods."

The advantages to it would be that we would not have the inflationary pressure of arms spending that would have money to spend on our cities, our roads, and our schools. We would also be able to reduce the arms race, and the Third World would profit from its own arms demobilization and investment. And the Russians, who have their own underdeveloped areas within the U.S.S.R.—the republics of central Asia—could well benefit from the money they would have.

Leontief has himself, though his former countries might accept the idea eventually although he is aware that it sounds radical now. But so did his original solution to the world's problems—his own.

ADAM SMITH is the author of *The Money Game*, Supermoney, and *Numbers of Money*.



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MEDIA

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

COMMONER THAN THOU

Mourning and belting for the simple life

STUDS TERKEL has become America's favorite harpoon philosopher. When he turns up on radio and television talk shows to trot out a few (revised) anecdotes, you can almost hear the clatter of glasses and laughter in the background, the *beep-beep* of a distant portable machine. Terkel has built an impressive career as informal chat: he hosts a weekly radio talk show in Chicago that is broadcast nationally, and he is the author of five volumes of oral reminiscences, the most recent, *American Dreamer: Lost and Found* (Penguin, \$14.95). In the flesh, Terkel is affable, fox-eyed, unpretentious; you can't help liking the shy old apothecary. And his books—particularly his volume on the Depression, *Hard Times*—all have their sparks of humor, insight, and poignancy. A hankering for a sampler, rather life in the aisle that runs like an exposed nerve through Terkel's jagged, Slinky hours fall into Terkel's beer as he listens, listens, listens, and it is because Studs Terkel hears America singing (and sobbing and belling) that a reviewer in *The New York Times* recently laughed at our Walt Whitman.

A bit thick, that. Really, now the swell and extravagance of Whitman's poetry ride on the curve of the straightforward compared with the sprawling grandeur of Terkel's thick books. Terkel's work can't even be placed on the same shelf with a masterpiece of oral history such as Ronald Blythe's *Alongwith*. Blythe's 1989 study of life in a rural English community is small in scope, artfully visioned, evocative, generous, the farmers and tradespeople he interviews speak with a wistful, litely eloquence.

With a few notable exceptions, Terkel's subjects choose and consider and sum up opinions thoughtfully, like hardened. In an ironic review of *American Dreamer*, published in *The Washington Post's* Sunday book supplement, Helen Epstein observed, "As in his previous books, Terkel is for the most part not there. That means



that there is no one shown questioning or contesting a vague or provocative remark, no one examining the way in which a thing is said, no one placing it into a context or reflecting on what it means.... There is no sense people talk about their fathers, fathers, jobs, problems, successes, children, holidays." On radio and TV, as Epstein notes, such chatter passes unnoticed; but on the printed page, all this unfocused talk opens like a faulty eye.

Yet with each new book, Terkel recovers greater actions, grafts them sprays into the air like water from a lawn sprinkler, small rainbows rippling in the mist. The gratitude is a part of tribute to Terkel's friendliness and refusal to give in to cynicism and despair. But it's more than that. Studs Terkel has become the keeper of the flame for the Club of the Common Man. At a time when economists chase one another around by the tail, politicians lunch from position to position like anglers on a stream-trout ship, and TV evangelists act

as if God's archangels were perched on their shoulders, along comes Terkel to reassure us that all across America—in Laundromats, driving taxicabs—there are still people that contain rare, hard kernels of wisdom. Though famous names find their way to Terkel's microphones (Gian Crawford and Arnold Schwarzenegger appear in *American Dreamer*), his specialty is drawing out the feelings and memories of what he calls noncelebrated people. Noncelebrated people: another way of referring to the man in the street, the average taxpayer, the little man, John and Jane Doe, the forgotten American. Terkel's *Oldies* were noncelebrated people, as were the residents of James T. Farrell's settlements (Terkel first went down from Studs Longue) and the arm-struck fellows James Stewart and Gary Cooper played in Frank Capra's films.

Perhaps the representative Common Man of our time is Willy Loman, in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, who slumps under the weight of fate and mortality on his shoulders. As drama teachers are fond of pointing out, Loman's name implies that he is a low man—not a good thing or a prize riddled with doubt but an inconspicuous figure who nevertheless retains tragic stature. (It is the drama teachers' word! hence so believe, William Price Fox, novelist and screenwriter, recalls that when he was a salesman, there was a training film that presented the salesman's response to *Death of a Salesman*. According to this film, Loman's problem wasn't fate or an unfulfilled society but the fact that he didn't believe in his product. Others have suggested that the market was too tough to crack. Like the man said, "This New England territory never was my good.")

In a canvas war, Miller's implication now seems to be the call to Terkel's canon. As the column opens to press, two of Miller's plays—*The Price* and *The Crucible*—

LOOKING HARD AT NUMBER ONE

The search for answers about ourselves is terrifying but worth the effort

MY FRIEND had a problem. Indeed, it was agonizing—so utterly demoralized him—that he was unable to do the accumulated grudge he had harbored against his boss, but he kept building and rebuilding that anger into larger and smaller piles.

The problem, as he explained it, was not so uncommon one: he was too deep into a relationship, and he thought, especially when he was feeling guilty, that he was losing quality, that he was losing quality, that he was losing quality. The woman in question was somebody terrific—bright, supportive, attractive, endlessly decent—but all that just deepened his dilemma. The problem, finally, was that she seemed too much more than he needed her there he was, in his late thirties, a largely successful executive, the kind who naturally gets off to business overviews in Europe and is constantly juggling eight executives in his mind, and there she was, at thirty not yet having a professional identity, still living on her husband's money. "There's just too much pressure," he said frequently. "I can't take it. What can I say? That's just the way I am."

But he had, it seemed, little room for apology. It is, in fact, the obligation he had been asked to assume were solely as his deacon as he implied, right was the logical recourse. No one can be faulted for chafing under the weight of the full responsibility for another person's emotional well-being.

Three weeks later I had lunch with the woman in question. She is as appealing as reported, and she makes no secret of her vulnerability. But I was not at all surprised to discover that her version of the latest differed considerably from the one I'd already heard. "I didn't assume on him," she insisted. "God, the guy made his terror of commitment so very clear from the beginning that I kept over his head and so I decided to turn it off. But I was not so much to expect him to give his head. But was it wrong to expect something?" She



passed and picked at her sleeve of point, all she had ordered for lunch, she is not eating any better these days than he is. "Listen," she said, "it's not as if he made demands himself. I was supposed to be available at all times, when he wanted, where he wanted her."

She shook her head. "The first time was when my grandmother was in town for a visit," she said. "I hadn't seen her in a while, so when he called, I switched my plans around, but my own grandmother goes to the theater with a friend so that we could have a quiet dinner together. And then, at the last minute, he canceled—precisely because he thought the evening had come to signify too much to me." She smiled, and suddenly there was anger in her eyes. "What told her that?"

Obviously, she had a point. The kind of fear of emotional responsibility she was describing—and it is, of course, pervasive in this society, particularly among women—is as ubiquitous as it is frustrating. What

this woman has come to realize is that the odds of a relationship's working with such a person are about the same as those of my Metrol crossing back next station to take it all. No matter how much one might fervently wish for such an outcome, one is seriously advised not to bet on it.

After lunch on the bus riding home, I thought about the conversation, reflecting on yet another impossible romance. I thought back upon a bit of dialogue from *Fiddler on the Roof*. Trycie, caught in the middle of a quarrel between two friends, observes that first one or then the other is absolutely right. "Fine," demands someone else, "can they both be right?" "They think that over for just a moment before responding," "You know, you're also right."

Well, the apparent truth was that both my friend and his stressor were wrong right in it, I think, a too-up-to-it withdrawal in some difficult to sustain a relationship with a person asking to build a world on someone else's back or with one whose back craves it at the moment left of pressure. If one accepts the proposition—and I do—that relationships most likely to prosper are those between relative equals, with each partner easily to give notice and share responsibility then the subject we had appeared to be the best solution of these thoroughly decent people is in for a smooth ride.

But what I found particularly puzzling about their predicament was that, although the magnitude of the problem of such was as clear to an outsider as it was galling to the other parties, neither person had decided to turn it off. In fact, each party had served to the notion that the other had a kind of point—there were even a few less culpable—but there appeared to be no mutual acceptance of responsibility. As far as each seemed to be concerned, all it would take was a slight behavioral adjustment or perhaps a vic-

lit more caution, and the next time around things would work out just dandy. That do-no-distraction pattern respects themselves.

Not, I think, was this situation out of the ordinary. Despite the risk in this society of "growth" and "commitment," despite our own commitment to the people, often that people are choosing to face up to their dedication, despite the fact that in the varied history of civilization, never has there been a people so wholly preoccupied with its own emotional well-being, very few of us are actually ready to live honestly at ourselves. We all have within us a thousand ways to avoid unpleasant truths, countless off-the-cases of the heart and mind. When we are untried, it is because others are calling, when we are acceptable of love, others are untried, we will be glad about our problems, or impossible or mad, but almost never will we be utterly straight with ourselves.

And that being that, all our efforts to make ourselves happy (the most allowed word in the English language) will inevitably end up as emotional tip dancing, may not mean looking absolutely nowhere. The truth is, most of us don't know and don't want to know.

THESE ARE, of course, good reasons for that—almost all of them having to do with self-defense. Almost all of us are, in one way or another, confused or alienated or quietly desperate, and the notion of managing about looking for answers is terrifying. I know of one woman, the mother of a friend, who is unable to stably use any degree, indeed, she has produced a brood of children now in their twenties and thirties who are still looking from her motherly perspective. But this woman is as utterly capable of acknowledging that there might be something amiss in her makeup as in a paralytic television wrestler of admitting self-doubt in the pro-mach interviews. Like my stressor-cousin, she has found her way of surviving in the world, and though it is more often for the worse than for the better, she is not about to change.

No more daring are the vast majority of those who subscribe so readily to the self-awareness industry. Now that the "use" boom is apparently subsiding and the economy is at a standstill and, we are comforted by a landscape littered with hundreds of thousands of discarded suits—returned of or 134 or 140 or 142 or 144 or 146 or 148 or 150 or 152 or 154 or 156 or 158 or 160 or 162 or 164 or 166 or 168 or 170 or 172 or 174 or 176 or 178 or 180 or 182 or 184 or 186 or 188 or 190 or 192 or 194 or 196 or 198 or 200 or 202 or 204 or 206 or 208 or 210 or 212 or 214 or 216 or 218 or 220 or 222 or 224 or 226 or 228 or 230 or 232 or 234 or 236 or 238 or 240 or 242 or 244 or 246 or 248 or 250 or 252 or 254 or 256 or 258 or 260 or 262 or 264 or 266 or 268 or 270 or 272 or 274 or 276 or 278 or 280 or 282 or 284 or 286 or 288 or 290 or 292 or 294 or 296 or 298 or 300 or 302 or 304 or 306 or 308 or 310 or 312 or 314 or 316 or 318 or 320 or 322 or 324 or 326 or 328 or 330 or 332 or 334 or 336 or 338 or 340 or 342 or 344 or 346 or 348 or 350 or 352 or 354 or 356 or 358 or 360 or 362 or 364 or 366 or 368 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Esquire

THIS is a war of words and definitions. It will be fought to the death in this decade. Those who call themselves pro-life see the carnage in fetuses. Those who call themselves pro-choice see the carnage in women. For one fierce man, the enemy is everywhere. The war is his.

Bill Baird's Holy War

by Andy Merton

AS
IN A DREAM,
BILL BAIRD
SITS IN THE
BACK OF
A LARGE
MEETING
HALL IN
WASHINGTON,
D.C., UNABLE
TO MOVE OR
TO SPEAK. THE
ENEMY IS AT
HAND, AND
ALL AROUND
HIM, PEOPLE
ON HIS OWN
SIDE ARE
THROWING
WIDE THE
GATES.

It is not a dream. The National Organization for Women (NOW) has invited pro-choice activists to its annual conference in Washington, D.C., and Bill Baird, the president of the National Right to Life Committee, is unable to move or speak. He is not alone—several other pro-life activists are also unable to move or speak. They are all sitting in the back of a large meeting hall in Washington, D.C., and all around them, people on their own side are throwing wide the gates.

It is not a dream. The National Organization for Women (NOW) has invited pro-choice activists to its annual conference in Washington, D.C., and Bill Baird, the president of the National Right to Life Committee, is unable to move or speak. They are all sitting in the back of a large meeting hall in Washington, D.C., and all around them, people on their own side are throwing wide the gates.

the television cameras. "This baby was murdered two days ago," they cry.

Elaine Smeal, near tears, calls it an isolated incident. Carolyn Griener, then president of the National Right to Life Committee, will say later that she fully supported the disruption. In the hall, women are yelling and shouting at one another. Baird sits, disgusted. He knows that had he been aware of the front, he would have physically blocked the feminists from getting near the television cameras. Or he would have knocked the feminists from their hands.

In this room, he leaves the meeting. He goes to his hotel and makes a routine check-in call to his abortion center in Hingham, Long Island. The waiting doctor confirms:

The place does not nag. He calls another center, in Boston, to tell "The center in Hingham has been fabricated."

At about 4:50 p.m., while the women in Washington were still wrangling about the fetus, a man named Peter I. Bachus walked into the Hingham center carrying an anti-freeze jug full of gasoline in one hand and a flaming torch in the other. There were fifty people in the narrow two-story building. One of them was a woman lying on a table, her abortion just completed. "Don't anybody move, or the place will go up," snarled Bachus.

Andy Merton, who teaches journalism at the University of New Hampshire, is writing a book about the right-to-life movement for the December issue.

his, where center staff members received scores of birth-to-16 demonstrators who angrily picketed the building. Barker admitted police used the wrong ones and broke the birds.

Mayer was killed. The only injury was to the breast, which, she suffered minor bumps on her hands. The center was destroyed.

No representation of any pro-choice group—no one from NOW, none from the National Abortion Federation, no one from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)—showed up at the trial of Peter Barker. And this is what hurt Bill Baird most.

But it should not have surprised him. In the struggle over who should control women's bodies, Baird is a lone voice, almost an outcast with the people who should be his allies as he walks right to left.

Women in the movement have always been suspicious of Baird's motives. In her book *Going To The Floor*, Robin Morgan wrote, "Baird doesn't want to be seen either male-supremacist man around, despite his years of having fought for legalized abortion and contraception. (Men frequently support these measures for the hope that abortion rights and more easily available birth control will make women 'come across' better and more often—a very different reason than that of women's support in these areas, obviously.)" Even women who don't suspect that Baird's motives include getting bad money why he does what he does. Patricia Boyce, who headed the abortion fight for the ACLU and who now works for Public Justice and Public Relations, asks, "Why is Baird so hell bent for leather on this particular issue? There is no question we need all kinds of people—the fanatic fringe, the straight middle, the new. But I have trouble figuring out what Baird's motivation is."

At least part of the answer appears to be that, since the age of nine, Baird has been haunted.

He was born on June 26, 1932, in immigrant parents—an father from Glasgow, his mother from Nantaberg in East Prussia. He grew up poor, in Brooklyn and on Long Island. The father was away much of the time, and although Baird had two brothers, eleven years and an years older, the teeny members he spent the most time with were his mother, Olga, his sister Lorraine, three years his senior, and a younger sister, Myra. His mother told him always to stand up for those less able than himself, and apparently

he took her seriously. He remembers, at age five, watching a car run over a cat. Some boys then urinated on the cat. "I went over and beat them up," Baird said. "That's what you did in those days when you didn't do what someone was doing."

His sister Myra recalls herself bringing home cookies for him: "In school they gave cookies to kids who didn't get any at night. I brought them in school yet, so he did it for me. Without asking." The three of them—Olga, Myra, and Baird himself—recall that he was always a good, devoted kid. "I sang in the church choir for eight years," he says. "When I was a teenager I worked for the Ideal Toy Company in Queens—we made plastic Jesuses. I was always picking them up off the floor, Jesus shouldn't be on the floor, I thought."

Baird and his older sister, Lorraine, were extremely close. In 1948, when he was nine and she was twelve, Louis had a sudden attack of stomach pains. The doctor told her it was the onset of menstruation. Later that day her appendix ruptured. She was hospitalized for a month and seemed to be recovering. Baird remembers standing on the street outside her window in the sealed and

"THEY can't handle a man who is ahead of them on the issue," says Baird of women who call him a chauvinist. He says, "I grieve that the people on my side don't have the courage to fight this war."

Bill Baird has often used the word cowardly when referring to NOW, the National Abortion Rights Action League (NARAL), the National Abortion Federation (of which he is a member), and other organizations he considers too slow, too timid, too willing to compromise. He thinks, for example, that the American Civil Liberties Union—and particularly its Massachusetts branch, the

Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts (CLUM)—takes an overly cautious approach to litigation challenging restrictive abortion laws. (CLUM attorney John Ransone diplomatically shruggles up: "All forms of argumentation tactics.") Baird is also disgusted by various neo-Catholic religious leaders "who should get outraged that they are called murderers by the Catholic leadership because they support a woman's right to abortion." And he has often battled with various factions of the women's movement. During the early 1970s he was frequently excluded from rallies for more liberal abortion and birth-control laws simply because he was a man. He has been called the chauvinist, and misogynist. These attitudes take the position that all men are born oppressors, and they can't handle a man who stands ahead of them on the issue. "He says up: 'I grieve that the people on my side don't have the courage to fight this war.'"

He says these things, yet he wonders why he becomes so honorary digress, why there are so few places on his wall, why Planned Parenthood has never honored him at its anniversary.

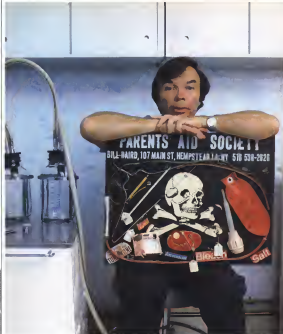
He doesn't comprehend. In 1963, when he was an employee of Enka, a manufacturer of contraception loans, he was attacking laws restricting the distribution of birth-control devices, in the mid-Sixties he drove a van through poor neighborhoods in New York, stopping door-to-door and talking about birth control.

In 1965, he was jailed briefly for exhibiting contraceptives in defiance of a New Jersey law; he was also arrested and jailed in New York, but charges were dropped when the New York legislature liberalized its birth-control laws.

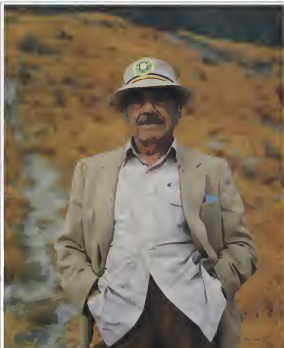
His challenges to restrictive laws in Massachusetts have had no effect.

In 1967, only doctors could legally distribute birth-control devices or even information about birth control in Massachusetts—and only to married couples. On April 6 of that year, Baird stood on a stage before two thousand Boston University students and gave a lecture about birth control. Then he gave a coin of spermicide.

He had bought the coin from a large department-store chain, there was a line in Massachusetts prohibiting the sale of birth-control devices to the general public, but most department stores ignored it. He had paid a sales tax on it, he argued that the state



AT NEW HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, ABORTION CENTER, WHICH WAS FIRE-BOMBED TWO YEARS AGO, BILL BAIRD HOLDS A SIGN DISPLAYING THE PARAFRASES OF BILLY JOEL'S SONG "WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN." BAIRD SAYS, "SUCKA SALE, A TURKEY BASTER"



Frank Capra at eighty-three, photographed in the desert near his home in eastern California. A legendary filmmaker, he has influenced a generation more than twenty years

PHOTOGRAPHY: GARY W. KATZ FOR LIFE

The Patriotism of Frank Capra

Because he wanted Americans to guard their liberties, forty years ago he dared to make a Hollywood film that showed corruption reaching into the United States Senate itself.

Today, at eighty-three, he still believes that patriotism is defined not by flag-waving but by the genuine love of a free republic

by Walter Karp

In the year 1939, a patriotic filmmaker named Frank Capra made a fine patriotic film called *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, about a wide-eyed idealist turned loose in the Senate. The odd thing about the movie was the incredible upsurge it produced in this country. Ordinary Americans loved it; official Washington turned livid with rage. Mr. Smith and Mr. Capra had in fact done something extraordinary back then in 1939. They had demonstrated a truth that gets harder to convey with each passing year—that the gettin'out-of-the-flag-waver, of the schoolmar, and of the sacred sense of officialdom is not the only kind that can make Americans stand up and cheer. There is another kind, and old Frank Capra—a Serbian emigrant who fell in love with America sometime before World War I—once brought it to the movie screen with uncommon force and eloquence.

Capra is eighty-three years old today. *Walter Karp's* long book is *Politics of Hope: A narrative history of the United States from the Franklin Roosevelt era through World War I*

and is something of a mystery man. The most popular filmmaker of his day, he has not made a movie in twenty years; he has made but two in the past thirty years. Not since 1945 has he directed a feature film that he himself cared about. At the height of his powers he virtually disappeared from the movie business. Still, he is by no means forgotten. When public broadcast stations got up their band-aiding device, it was a fondly remembered Capra film—*It Happened One Night*—or *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*—that they are loath to play, as if to prove that even public television has the common touch, which Capra himself surely had. At Christmastime, that another season when Americans wonder what the hell their boys have accomplished, one Capra film has become a festive tradition: *Mrs. Miniver*, starring Jeanette Goddard as a man



Jimmy Stewart as Jefferson Smith in Mr. Smith Goes to Washington—Capra's 1939 film about a naive and idealistic who challenges corruption in the United States Senate

The Glory Boys

They play on scruffy diamonds at night and on weekends, with the names of bars, bowling alleys, and drugstores written across their chests. They don't play for money, yet risk losing their jobs and their wives to this sandlot obsession. Why? To win: that's part of it. And to keep the little boy inside of them alive and proud: that's all of it

by HARRY STEIN

SOMETIMES EVEN LEE ROY Handy realizes how absurd it is, this obsession of his. "There are times I've actually woken up in the middle of the night thinking about softball. It's five in the morning, and there I am, flustered on a pitch I popped up the day before or on the pitcher I'm going to face tomorrow." He shakes his head and grins broadly. "I mean, I'm thirty-four years old, for God's sake. At thirty-four a person shouldn't be doing this."

Handy races from behind his desk, snatches to his office door, and closes it gently. "The administrative offices of Worldwide Volkswagen Corporation, where he works as a senior claims adjuster, are almost deserted late on this rainy Wednesday afternoon, but Handy is not an indiscreet man. "I'll tell you something," he says, returning his seat. "I've turned down promotions in

this company because of softball. I was offered jobs as company auditor, as district sales manager..." He grins again. "Uh ah. No way. I would've missed too many games."

Handy has the dark good looks and easy charm of a suburban Bart Reynolds, and when he grins, which is often, it is easy to take what he is saying literally. It is when old, crassness, that notion of a grown man devoting himself so doggedly to a child's game.

But anyone who knows Lee Roy Handy even a little bit, anyone who has even a vague sense of his personality, understands that for him softball is no joking matter. "I'm only lucky my wife understands. I mean, I was married on a Friday night because I had games that weekend. When my first child was born, my wife's mother had to take her home from the hospital because I had a game that day. I swear, it was married



Team spirit: Catcher Junior DePalma (left), pitcher Chuck Podgurski Sr. (rear), and teammate Lee Roy Handy (center) and Chuck Podgurski Jr. (right) leave their playing field in West Nyack, New York, in defeat. Reverse-side they gather for postgame beers at the Orange Lantern, the restaurant in Paramus, New Jersey, that sponsors them

calls, even racing rascals down the baseline to back up infield throws. Really, too, grows increasingly intense, as do Richie Rall, Chuck Poligrano Jr., and his father. The older Poligrano, with his cool blue eyes and wavy, frizzy, as a bona fide physical therapist. Despite the heart attack, despite severely arthritic knees that after two operations have left him limping as if there is broken glass in the joints, he remains as competitive on the mound as he has always been in his job as a high-level executive with the phone company. Not only does he perform on equal terms with men three decades younger, he usually dominates them. A inch-and-a-half taller than his forty-five-year-old son, he has never made himself so accomplished a technician, so adept at changing speeds and breaking corners, that his recent record—after two operations and a heart attack, he has won fifty-four games and lost only six—has been comparable to Jonsson's.

Now, while watching Junior DePalma hit a long fly ball toward right field for the final out, he can only shake his head. "Hard to believe," he mutters softly. "Hard to believe."

And then, "Kodak!" says Richie, standing beside him, "the kids lead us!" Junior DePalma's frustration is not easily allayed. A few minutes later, sitting in the Diner Head parking lot behind the wheel of his '73 Olds, he suddenly rams, dark eyes shining, can't believe that Richie Rall, man! Twenty guys on the roster and he wants to play them all? He turns on the ignition and pricks the car into reverse. "Well, that just ended tonight! Let the boys play in Post Office Park, but I mean we can win with anybody!"

For ten minutes, driving through the leafy upper-middle-class communities of West Nyack and Blauvelt, Junior is silent. "It's not just the game," he says finally. "It's harder than it used to be. I'm not the one these days. I'm playing softball as good as dead. I'm never home." He keeps on the radio—George Thain is talking—and mutters it all. "I don't know how to play—league play is different, it's break off over the plate, break off these pitchers back home. Christ, I hate to see how hard I'd be right now if I was working."

"The reference is to the fact that he is in the middle of a new career level from a lucrative career-jumping job at the newly renovated Commodore Hotel in New York City. The hotel, imposed by his union, in the result of a run-in with an older union man. "That guy was about sixty years old, and he was the union guy," says Junior. "You know why he was so good? I was working too hard!" He shakes his head bitterly. "The thing you, man, this country is really screwing down the tubes. What am I supposed to do, not work? Go back in the job and smoke a cigarette for two hours?" (Not

the guy if he were twenty years younger I'd break his head." He pauses, and then, abruptly, unexpectedly, he smiles. "I swear, they oughta name a softball ball after me!" Things, he adds a moment later, have been anything but blissful at home. It is only six months since his reconciliation with his wife, Pat, following a two-year separation (a separation largely unprovoked, he readily acknowledges, by the rigors of his life as a softball player), but already the haunting has resumed. "She says she never sees me. Well, shit, what am I supposed to do, I got softball every night. I gave her money to pay Elmer Fong, the exercise place—she should do that!" He pauses. Two kids scuttily, "I love my wife, man. She's hard on me, but I love her."

He drives on for another twenty minutes, out of New York State and into New Jersey. Suddenly in the middle of the over-

One guy gave up not only a good job but also his wife of fourteen years and his three children; he now lives on his savings in California and plays softball full time.

mounty of Northville, Junior slows down and wheels around a corner onto a block of tidy two-story bungalows. "See them?" he says, pointing to a black house. "That's where I grew up. My old wife's cousin on TV—cause he knows it should be here. Once in a while he just looks at me and says, 'You're crazy!'"

Junior kicks the radio on. Carly Simon sings softly. "It's right, you know, I don't doubt about it, if it wasn't for what happened, I'd be in the major leagues today. You can see anyone would want; they'll tell you. Johnny Bench is the best outfielder catcher around, right? I was in good. Munson was maybe a better hitter—maybe—but I had more power. And I was faster than any of 'em. I'm still faster."

Thirty-one years old with a bad leg, and still raced all of 'em a hundred yards, I'd still win."

He fills silent for a moment and lights a cigarette. "But when we 2 guys do, call George Steinbrenner and say, 'Hey, I've been in 1965 or something.' He takes a deep drag on his cigarette. "Shit."

Ten minutes later he swings around a corner in the town of Bergenfield, and there, all at once, brilliantly arched in the darkness, in another field, Junior enters the car's open space, jumps out, and begins jogging toward the field, where a game is already in progress. "All right," he calls back, "I feel like winning something."

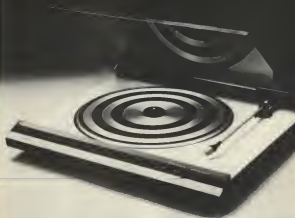
Junior's team—a kind of World II-squad, relegated to playing in this weaker league—will indeed win the game, and Junior, who enters the contest somewhat late upon his arrival, will contribute mightily to the victory. And afterward, he and his teammates will retreat, as they do on so many postgame nights, to a local bar. By the time Junior makes it home, it will be close to one-thirty and Pat DePalma will have long since given up waiting for him.

HOLD'S FIRST CRUCIAL test of the young as a man, against one of the new powers of the Diner Head league, falls on a late-May evening that is balmy to the point of suffocation. But this time Richie Rall has taken no chances; answer will be there. Indeed, Jo Jo Mackay, the shortstop whose clearance to cost the team against Town and Country, is on the field fifty-five minutes before game time, standing ten feet in front of the pitcher's rubber and pitching a white ball to his last.

Jo Jo says, "Assuming, the guy he just looks like the pitcher on a line to the edge of the outfield grass, displaying the power and coordination of a child twice his age. But the few other fielders already on the scene pay little attention to the pitcher and the man. Jo Jo, thirty-eight and trailing toward overweight, his handball career badly slowed by a hand injury in Vietnam, goes through the same routine before almost every field game, standing there in his Green Lantern uniform. New York Yankees cap, tugging the plastic ball at Joe Jo's, wearily, endlessly.

Within a few minutes, the other managers of the team begin showing up. Lee Ray Brady with his gray suit and sunglasses, Junior, Dave Pappas, center fielder, Bryan Bennett, Johnny Spanos, a half dozen more.

Also in attendance are a pair of complaining Hold's regulars. The team's sponsor, the elderly owner of the Green Lantern restaurant, whose name is Gus Pappas, is



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JUNIOR PEDRINIA seen as to glow in contrast with his career with a Philadelphia Phillies fan team was prematurely and abruptly ended by a straight razor.

river in his long white Lincoln Continental (Dodge plate: NASTY twenty minutes before the game and, as usual, sets his folding chair near the team's bench. He is joined by a burly, strikingly unkempt young man named Jackie Monaghan, a combination man-of-guns-and-roses for the squad, who stands beside Puma and fiddles with his ever-present portable radio.

Chuck Podgurski Jr. comes directly from work in a business suit and, as always, occupies himself for a few minutes in the parking lot, perched upon the rear fender of his car. A casual observer, spotting Chuck for the first time, might well sense either an emotional discomfort from the others.

It is true that although his teammates, including his own son, are an inordinately casual bunch, Chuck's life is noted in precision and routine, a preciseness more evident than in his game-day play-

lines. In the way he always takes five minutes to get himself at the property appropriate state of mind in his practice, ten minutes before the game, of taking two Extra-Strength Tylenol capsules, washed down with Gatorade, to loosen the pain in his knees, in his costume, while warming up, of running through a mental checklist of potential problems with his motion and reminding himself to make certain that his back is back at the proper angle, that his left foot slides upon release of the ball, that his follow-through is complete.

After five minutes, the old pitcher slowly rises from the car's fender and walks toward the Deer Head Inn to change "the old left foot," he says with a broad grin, glancing toward the field, where his teammates are looking around. "It's very close. No leeches go in this place."

In contrast, most of the players on the other team, which goes by the name

name Doo Wops, are content to the point of giddiness. Immediately before game time, one of them, a muscular first baseman named Wayne, moves up and down in front of first base like a caged lion, psyching himself. "This is the one," he keeps repeating. "They don't come any bigger than this."

Perhaps it is this tension that does the trick. For when the game begins, though the Haldi players give their best performance in twelve, scoring runs in their first two at bats and proceeding to play capital defense, the Doo Wops refuse to over it.

At first it appears that the game may well end 2-0. Then, abruptly, nearly ten minutes into the contest, with two runners on base, Wayne, at bat at the plate as a designated hit, yanks a Podgurski pitch on a straight line over the fence in the right field to give the Doo Wops a one-run advantage.

In another sense, this would certainly have been the moment when the Haldi team displayed its character—when each of a dozen gifted individuals took it upon himself to lead a dramatic surge—but then came the next moment, when the team, indeed, as the game enters its final inning, one is abruptly aware that the only voices of encouragement rising from the Haldi side of the field are faintest.

For throughout the game, in station wagon and campsite, variously straggled, players' wives—most of them with children—have been arriving at the field. By the last inning, the area directly behind the Haldi bench looks like a city square in midday rain or ten minutes in their throes, covered with children and their parents, while all about them children cry and wail.

The women's presence may contribute to the apparent good grace with which even the most conservative of the men accept the defeat. They do not even react to the glacial slowness of the wives waiting seconds at the first out. "They left their car for the Over the Hill Gang!" The players simply offer one another a few quiet words of consolation. Later, policy in Chuck Sr.'s ministerial purification of the gutter ball he served up to Wayne ("The ump made me use a new ball, it just didn't feel right"), and head toward the picnic table set up behind the Deer Head Inn, on this evening, in on all others when a league game is played here, the losers will buy beer for the winners.

The Doo Wops, in their part, are confident in victory—and a good deal less than charitable. "We're gonna take this year, we're one, divided five in the air," Wayne bawls it off. He regards the older men moving slowly toward the inn, surrounded by their wives and children. "Look at that! Their car is gone!"

It is an assumption with which none does a few of the Haldi players seems to

agree. "It's just not their anymore," Jackie Hall is saying fifteen minutes later. "We've lost the edge."

Finally, when he can stop a picnic table, in advance. "I don't want to hear that. We'll get back to work."

Reche Hall shakes his head. "See, we've got the team, but now it's all. He takes a dip from his cup of beer down from the bag purchased with Haldi money. "Listen, we can't fool ourselves. I just had to let it go just another day. Our boys have started businesses. Prohibit change." He pauses a beat. "Except maybe for Junior."

A moment later, right on cue, Junior strides over to where Randy and Raff are sitting. "How do you like that Chuck," he demands, "standing on that crap about the ball? Forty-five years the guys been pitching, and the ball doesn't just sag? He makes a dumb mistake in what he does. He tried to challenge Wayne, and we paid for it." He glances over at Chuck Jr., thirty feet away, talking quietly with his son. "They rock, don't you think Chuck? He's pitched thirty years for us? I've let him beat me for the last few years."

Lee Roy breaks up at the suggestion. "We supposed to be real for this weekend for the tournament." "Great, we can pitch him Slesky at two o'clock, Monday at five, Monday at seven, and again on Tuesday. That should do it."

"That's show him, alright," agrees Raff, showing a faint smile. "Now," says Junior, "why not? The guys will be here and we'll be able to use the mound. But that's what he always says!" But suddenly Junior stops, snafu of his little pig. "Sit, what the hell am I talking about? It's all our fault."

BUT THE TEAM HAS NOT YET hit bottom, not by a long shot. At the next postgame gathering at the Deer Head a week later, there are no laughs at all. Haldi's losing record has just added the most embarrassing defeat in its distinguished history, a 10-0 drubbing at the hands of a talented team of Puerto Ricans called PRIDE (an acronym for Puerto Rico, José de Encarnación—Puerto Rico, Island of Encarnación) in a game in which everything that could possibly go wrong for a softball team did. The Haldi defense was like a sieve; Chuck Sr., for one of the very very few times in his career, was benched out of the game; the Haldi batters conspicuously failed to deliver hits in key situations.

But worse—worse of all—the team lost the services of Junior DePina. In the third inning, with the dimensions of the mound already evident, Junior was called out on a close play at third base. Abruptly he turned upon the offending engine, leaning him by the collar and look-

ing for all the world as if he might strike him on the spot. "Don't hit him, Junior," gasped a fan on the Haldi side at the field. "Junior, Junior, let him go. It's not a long, burning wound, Junior finally did."

But the incident was enough to cost him a five-game suspension—and to bring to the surface much of the discontent of an already shock-shocked team. "I'm not playing on this team anymore," announces first-year outfielder Hank Hendrick after the game, by the picnic table. "It's not playing with a guy like that. You do something wrong, it's as if you did it to Junior."

And indeed, it is increasingly apparent that in bad times as in good, it is DePina—more than Podgurski, more than Raff, more even than the brilliant Randy—who is the soul of this team. Quite simply this man cannot feel good about himself when the team is losing, nor can he help

"She was fuming. I guess you'll be playing ball, so I won't see you tomorrow for our anniversary. 'Honey, it's a big game,' I told her. 'We're playing Payton Elevators.'"

feel anyone that intense sense of frustration on those around him.

Most of the Haldi players depart quickly after the PRIDE drubbing by tomorrow only five or six, the nucleus of the original championship squad, remain on the picnic grounds. The lag departed, they slip incesed from sail ones of Raff anchored from the adjacent woods. The task of playing an softball game, of losing a rival, at spectacular plays executed, at opponents humbled, and it goes on and on into the night.

"I'm already in trouble at home," says Randy a little before midnight. "Might as well get another six-pack."

"What the hell," agrees Raff, "come on in."

"The not going anywhere," roars Junior Spessman.

There is a sudden prolonged silence. "We never got here before that," says Junior Randy. "I can't believe it."

Randy responds with a defiant wince and

his head, taking in the picnic area, the towers, the field in the darkness beyond. "Everybody's saying Hank is finished. Well, Hank is not saying anything. It's not our leader to beat."

"Well, I'm not going to quit yet," agrees Spessman. He glances at DePina. "We and Junior, we plan to keep going. And I'll quit, Junior."

"So what, Junior, when, when?"

"Randy thinks a moment. "I'll definitely keep playing at least until my five-year-old son starts. Maybe then I'll go into coaching Little League or something."

"You know," says Junior with a small smile, "between your kid and Randy's kid and Jo Jo's two kids, we're gonna have a whole team pretty soon."

"You all talking about having a kid, Junior?" asks Randy.

"We're talking about getting along first," he shakes his head. "She's tough, man, Pat. She's pretty and all that, but she's not easy. The other day she flipped out and starts telling me how low I'm getting. I couldn't believe her. He means, 'You know her? It's the problem. I know, I don't know her so much. I'd love it and never get married again.'"

"It's amazing you got back together after the last split."

"And it was her idea. She said all the men out there are worse than me. Can you believe that?" He laughs heartily. "We need psychiatric help, that's what she says."

"Everybody's old lady says that," remarks Randy. He rises to his feet. "We're gonna get going late of late, after all. Time to go to the car." He takes a few steps in the direction of the parking lot. "Waiting in there, Junior."

"DePina needs to turn. 'We gotta get it together, Lee. We got it.' Randy goes his car. 'Don't worry about a thing. We will.'"

AND INCREDIBLY BEGINNING with the very next game, they do, proceeding to win nine of their ten in their Haldi league game against teams with names like Raff Raff, DePina, and 4 Star Star House. The hitting of Lee Randy Junior Spessman, Chuck Podgurski Jr., and, after his return from the season, Junior DePina, has much to do with the resurgence, and so does the inspired pitching of Chuck Jr. But it is, above all, a team effort, the various components of the Haldi machine are suddenly back in synchronization, like the worn but still-synchronous pieces of an antique clock.

Late one Sunday afternoon in July, after a day at the Deer Head, Chuck Jr. boards into the living room of his comfortable home in Haldonwood, New Jersey. "I'm back."

"We know you were," he observes his wife, Claire, from (Continued on page 40)



FROM YEAR to year the name on the shorts changes with the team's sponsor. One thing stays fixed, however: it's always the losers who buy the postgame beer.

Reg. "11 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—aver. "11 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '78

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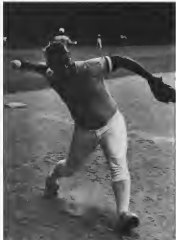
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crack across the room." The only question is by how much."

"Two to nothing. A four-batter." Come another, "Good work. You went something to drink?"

"Well, I bet. You should have seen me there today. My ball was really strong. Good motion, good rhythm, everything..." He turns and, suddenly startled, beads toward the bedroom to change.



JOHN JENSON, catching one of the West Nyack Softball League. He has had his hands checked at thirty-four mph, he has struck out eighteen batters in a game.

"That's my Charlie," says his wife with unforgiven tenderness. "Thirty-one years, and it's always the same."

"It's worth for that," concurs their daughter Carol, a late twenty-four-year-old, entering the room in a bedsheet.

"You going swimming, honey?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not." She flings her self into an armchair.

"You should have seen him after his heart attack," continues Claire. "He's lying there, hooked up to a cardiograph,

with all the bloggers and bloggers going, and the first word out of his mouth are 'Does this mean I can't play to the tournament this weekend?'" She laughs. "That's what I mean! But my cardiac arrest."

Claire Podganski is a tall, handsome woman with lively blue eyes to go with her quick smile and broadened smile. She is not surprised to learn that she recently served as a model for elite women's clothes at a local department store, or that she, too,

the alternatives. "She breaks into a broad grin. "Sure, I'd stand on the rest of my sometimes, but..."

"Sometimes," cuts in Carol, who is given to lucid pronouncements, "proceeds slowly distinct to close the eyes."

Her mother looks at her. "What does that mean?"

"On occasions of space, when it is a priority in each of our minds. Otherwise, proceed slowly distinct to close the eyes."

"Honey, I don't know what you're saying."

"I'm saying," Carol says, rising and heading out of the room on route to the pool in the back yard. "That though we don't get to eat together as a family very often, we love each other very much."

A moment after she leaves, Chuck Jr., still wearing his dirty Orange Lantern underwear, strolls into the room.

"Hi."

"Congratulations."

"Thank you, Charlie," who bears a striking physical resemblance to his father, as a good deal less intense. While most of the others on the team tend to mine games play by play, he shines off even the most disconcerting losses within minutes of their conclusion and beats victories with the same composure.

"You gonna have a swim before dinner?" Chuck waves to his father, respecting to certain clothes—"Hi, good game, Dad!"—and makes his exit.

"See you, son." He watches her disappear around a corner. "Chuck got the game-winning hit today. And James, he got two hits, including a triple."

"That's not far for a while," says Claire, rising into the kitchen. "You have time for a swim, too, if you want."

"I don't think so," he passes. "Do you realize I've lost only one game in over a month—that game James beat me two to one?"

"I know." Claire lifts the lid of a pot in which something is simmering.

"I'll tell you," says Chuck, "James's right—both experts are treating as well. Under they called a play safe at second who was cut by two feet."

"Just don't get upset about it, Charlie. Remember, there's nothing you can do about it."

"He looks 'Look what talking."

The residence is his first. Claire has herself ejected from a public park for arguing with an umpire. In fact, she becomes so overwrought at Chuck's games that she has all but stopped coming entirely.

She catches her eye and suppresses a gasp. "Let me see your arm," she says.

And another husband retreats to the pool area to get on the others. Claire looks into the pot once again, tastes its contents—sugar-free sauce—and adds a bit more salt.

"You know," she says, abruptly picking up the third dropped ear, "a lot of women sit around just waiting for their husbands

to quit. Well, I'll tell you, I know a couple on television not long ago about a thirty-year-old man down in Florida who's all young, soft, and it was wonderful."

From outside there comes a thud—Chuck Jr. has come in from the pool from the pool. "I spent the whole rest of that day trying to make Charlie at thirty-seven, all picking that first, all giving them that drop." She grins.

"Who knows, maybe they're on the way again."

A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE ROCKLAND County area are beginning to start to think the same thing: Through July the team continues playing brilliantly—as brilliantly as in its very best years—and on August 4, the men get their first taste of glory against, less an actively than the softball player for Rockland Journal News, in a random of the twelve best teams in the county, names Orange Lantern number one, coming for good measure that Lee Ray Hardy is "considered the best all-around player in the county."

The article makes waves. Contrary to all expectations, contrary to logic, Apollo (the scene known as the Rockland County) is ranked out even second but third, behind FIVE, the Puerto Rican team, John Jenson and his teammates are not pleased.

In person, Jenson is every inch as large as his reputation—in a weight lighter body, 200 pounds of muscle, he's a little less than 5'10", but—his off the mound there is an almost inconceivable openness to his face. Still, when the Journal News article is mentioned, even after a month, his features strongly darken.

The team looks it had, really, he knew it wasn't true. "He means," I think he said.

Indeed, I, and more than a few of his Cardinal colleagues here let it be known that they are itching for a shot at Holt's in the league championships—a grade match the Holt players anticipate with equal relish.

That would seem, on the face of it, almost suicidal, something like wishing to place oneself while taking charge of a loaded powder—discomfited in a softball, from a distance of but forty-six feet, John Jenson is terrifying. Standing still, staring straight ahead with cold, dead eyes, he suddenly wags a stiff right arm, back, and suddenly the ball is exploding downward, on the spot, at close to a hundred miles per hour. Seeing him explode, one is not at all surprised to learn that he sometimes strikes out sixteen or eighteen opposing batters in a single seven-inning contest.

Moreover, the man's appetite for success seems limitless, some kind of inner snaking him to push as many as four

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"After Charlie had his heart attack, he's lying there hooked up to a cardiograph, and his very first words are 'Does this mean I can't play in the game this weekend?'"

Suddenly, all around DePalma, there is pandemonium—the Apollo players, including the Holt players, are crowded in an uproar—but Jenson remains where he is, sprawled in the dirt. Finally, after an eternity, he rises to his feet. "He'd have been able to say anything."

When the Holt players, Chuck Jr. strikes his head discreetly.

Rochester walks over and places a hand on Jenson's shoulder. "No one in the world could've held onto that ball, J.B."

So miraculously difficult a feat to accept, and so deflected by it are the Holt players, that to its aftermath manager Karl, heretofore an outgoing team steward, a molder of legends and steward of league meetings, others to take a step toward outside baseball.

Before the team's next contest, a tournament game that has no bearing on the championship series, he quietly presents each of the team's players—minus one—with a T-shirt reading "LIVE FOREVER, WE PROMISE."

These are the men who are to be their regular players and, immediately before the game, on the bench, several to a startled DePalma. He, in turn, is presented with his share: a 1980 Jenson jersey.

Whether or not the shirt is responsible, the team instantly reverts to form. The Holt players tremble their unfortu-

Here's color as you've never seen it before in instant photography. Rich, brilliant, and dazzling. With excellent saturation and separation. This is Polaroid's new Time-Zero Supercolor film. Look again at the unretrouched Time-Zero Supercolor picture. It was shot in a studio using a Polaroid SX-70 Sonar Land camera. The red is as lush as a ripe tomato. The blue is electric. The contrast, clearly defined. The image is sharp. There is even a sense of depth. Yet Time-Zero Supercolor is more than a new film. It's a new experience. Now you can see the moment on film as you still live it. From time zero, when the camera ejects the film, the image is alive. First visible at 10 seconds, it grows stronger and clearer. At 60 seconds, it appears complete. Moment and picture become one. Time-Zero Supercolor can be used in any Polaroid camera that takes SX-70 film, including the One-Step, Pronto Sonar, and SX-70 Sonar models. Polaroid's Time-Zero Supercolor film makes instant photography more exciting than ever.



A Month of Sundays

Fashion by
Vincent Boucher

WHEN THE WEDDING FINALLY RINGS AROUND, THE LAST THING YOU NEED IS COMPLICATIONS. WHAT YOU DO need is hassle-free weekend wear: simple, adaptable clothes that allow you to hang out at home, then step out on the spur of the moment without a second thought. When it comes to Sunday pleasures, you should be able to change your mind without having to change your clothes.

There's a whole new way of dressing that fits the bill and is a little sharper than a sundry pair of jeans. Influenced by—and sometimes borrowed outright from—athletes' garb, these clothes combine non-constricting ease of movement with an unostentatious air that represents the best tradition of American sportswear.

They may be constructed from fabrics normally used in athletic wear, such as a tough rugby-club knit, or they may copy an active sportswear detail like the elastic waistband. Sometimes they are touched up in the bright colors of the golfer's other totems, they are redesigned in the style of such sporting clothes as sweat shirts, jogging pants, and boxing pads. Whatever their derivation, the result is pure comfort.

It's not hard to see where this evolution in casual wear began. With the emergence some years back of the fitness culture—

evident first in the legions of joggers pounding away and then in a wave of weight-lifting enthusiasm—it was only natural that clothing be ease streamlined. As men spent longer hours in the gymnasium or on the track and, correspondingly, in their sweats and shorts, they found how comfortable such clothing could be. Streetwise designers and manufacturers picked up on this cue and emerged with a whole new approach to off-hours clothing.

Dubbed "spectator sportswear" by the fashion industry (or "passive sportswear" by some cynics), the styles blend easily with such classic wardrobe staples as khakis and pleated sport shirts. Their versatility also makes them compatible with a range of Sunday activities.

Our couple straight looks relaxed but not rampaged as they clerk out the last-minute offerings at the Times Square theater-ticket booth in New York. In the pages ahead, other passages tried out varied Sunday diversions without worrying about how they were dressed. Whether they spent the day at home, the afternoon in a museum, or a few hours loafing, they were able to while away the end-of-the-winter doldrums in seamless style. February can be a long, cold month of Sundays, but with easy, good-humored attitudes like these, this spring really seems to lie away?

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he wears a waterproof parka of specially anti-rain polyvinyl chloride and nylon (\$140) by Holden for M. M. Martin. At Paul Simon, New York. The Coach House, Pittsburgh. The Pittsburghers, Newport, Tennessee

Sunday 1 February

are a cotton-knit shirt with contrasting collar (\$25) and classic-seam cotton-trill pants (\$22), both by Bonnie Tilden. At Clarivest, New York. May D & F, Denver. Famous Barr, St. Louis. Her tributes from: Design Observations, New York





On cooler mornings, just the thought of venturing outside is chilling. He has chosen to stay put, wearing a pure-cotton-knit sweat shirt (\$22.95), jogging pants with an elastic waist and

back pocket (\$45), and

cotton-linen socks (\$5),

all from Polo by Ralph

Lauren. At Polo/Ralph Lauren shops in

Washington, D.C.; Chicago; Palm Beach,

Dallas. Hair styling by Marcantonio.

Sunday 8 February



His RARE CHOICE FOR having a rugby shirt sewn: Polo by Ralph Lauren. At Polo/Ralph Lauren shops in Washington, D.C.; Chicago; Palm Beach, Dallas. Hair styling by Marcantonio.

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Check out the floor of any penny arcade. Among scruffy Keds and battered oxfords see the wing tips. The Guccis. Notice the bodies. Prosperous. Professional. Three-piece suits. Observe them stuff quarters into coin slots, and wonder as they battle a blip of a flying saucer with a wedge of a spaceship. Then ask yourself: **WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?**

Invasion OF THE Asteroids

BY DAVID OWEN

Men prefer four things to women: hot cars, guns, camping equipment ("tested on the slopes of Everest," and the World Series. This is a thought-provoking list and good as far as it goes, but lately there's been a fifth contender: a coin-operated, computerized video game (I hesitate to call it a game) named *Asteroids*.

It's lunchtime in Manhattan, and the Playland arcade at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway is crowded. Standing shoulder to shoulder with Playland's traditional clientele of Times Square drivers and transient schoolboys, what appears to be a full-scale assault team from the corporate towers of nearby Rockefeller Center. You can hardly move from one end of the place to the other without grinding your heel on somebody's wingtip shoe. Over near the Seventh Avenue entrance, a tall, thin man with bifocals perched on his nose is hunched over a flaking, gaudy table called *James Bond*. At a change station near the center of the room, a portly lawyer types, converting the contents of his wallet into enough quarters to bribe a congressional politician. There are three vice presidents everywhere. But the distinct agglomeration of gray wool by far stands at the very front of the arcade by a laughable

of thumping, thundering machines, where a veritable legion of young executives is lined up three deep to play *Asteroids*.

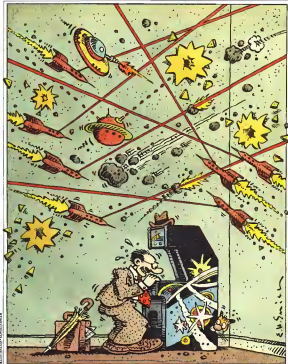
Asteroids, at the moment the hottest, is the most popular coin-operated game—video, pinball, or other—in the United States. It jumped to the number-one spot last August by out-selling *Space Invaders*, a simple-minded but wildly successful Japanese import that swept this country after causing something close to mass hysteria (not to mention a coin shortage) in Japan. Introduced in December 1979, *Asteroids* quickly became standard equipment in bars, arcades and airports all over the country. Secret agents who had previously been accused, even from coin-operated, by pinball's underworld reputation now began to clamor for *Asteroids*. Atari Inc., the game's manufacturer, had trouble keeping production in step with demand. There are now sixty thousand *Asteroids* machines on location worldwide, most of them in the United States and most of them astonishingly popular. Machines in hot locations have been known to bring in as much as one thousand dollars a week, enough to pay for themselves in a little more than a fortnight. Operators who sold sheets of cashiers are finding they have to make closed games in a place that's closed under order where local High School will be published by killing its open.

extra trips to their locations just to empty the coin boxes of the *Asteroids* machines.

As impressive as the sales and collection figures are, one of the most intriguing facts about *Asteroids* is not how many people are playing it but which ones. Continuing a trend begun by its immediate predecessor, *Asteroids* has helped open up the coin-op market to a brand-new clientele: not just chain-smoking lawyers with tips on their hands but responsible, well-paid men in their twenties, thirties, forties, and even fifties, who in some cases haven't seen the inside of an amusement arcade since the days when pinball games had gone. Add now these men—once subscribers of the press releases—now lacking out of expense-account lunches and sneaking away from elegant restaurants to play *Asteroids*.

"Two pretty much frustrated lunches in waiting part of my daily routine," says a thirty-four-year-old stockbroker. "I'd rather play this game than eat. Along about four o'clock my stomach begins to growl, but *Asteroids* has made me a happy man."

You would think any game that could make a grown-up man do without half a third of his daily intake of food would be a decent supper to look at, with pictures of



A SHORT TIME AGO is a calling for, far away... an obsession for deeper than *Space Invaders* was born.

meners that players in the field were actually scoring many times as high—than that were, in other words, beating the machine, which was just registering a score higher than 99,999.

The engineers were incredulous. They refused to believe that ordinary humans could beat their own game. And they didn't start believing it till someone from marketing drove them out to an arcade and made them look for themselves.

"What had happened," Engineer Lipkin, then president of Atari's coin-operated game division, told me, "was that a player had been smart enough to understand the machine and the programming of the product and had been coming up with ideas of how to work around it. It took about three months for that to happen. Then, all of a sudden, we began hearing the same thing from all over. People had figured out there was a safe place on the screen."

What Lipkin means by "a safe place on the screen" requires an explanation. One of the principal challenges in Asteroids is a tiny firing sector that zooms across the screen toward the end of every onslaught of rocks and fire that the player's spaceship, The saucer, if destroyed, is worth one thousand points, but because it has better than average men, it's a formidable adversary. Or at least it was until players began to figure out that if they pointed an alt-fire or two little asteroids, they could safely rack around the edges of the screen and wait for the saucer to appear. If it appeared on the side where they were waiting, they would fire quickly and destroy it before it had a chance to get off a shot. If it appeared on the opposite side, they would fire off the screen in the opposite direction (bullet can "wrap around" in Asteroids) and cause a couple of quick advances up the score's display. And they would keep doing this until they destroyed the saucer, at which point a whole asteroid (worth a new onslaught to begin), or crashed into the saucer, or earned 10,000,000 points, or simply hit the saucer. As long as one or two rocks were left on the screen, the little saucer would continue to appear. Playing the burning game isn't so easy as it sounds—it takes an alert player with a steady eye to pull it off—but once a player gets the hang of it, Asteroids changes completely in life, it ceases to exist.

A few other things, too, and that's a great philosophical game, one that separates the men from the boys as far as the game is concerned. As most people who are familiar with Asteroids know, there are basically two kinds of players: those who play the game like a workaholic, looking for a winning strategy, a method, a machine; players who use to defeat their scores (it's also extremely boring to watch). It's like being with dynamite.

Happily, the group at Atari decided lurkers almost on a random basis. "What we're doing," Lipkin told me, "checking

erily, 'is put together a new program in which...' But I'd rather not give it away. Besides it's to say that this new feature is available to everyone in the form of a cassette tape that you can insert into the printed-circuit boards of existing Asteroids machines. This chip is proving to be a popular little item, too, since operators don't make as much money when scores last twenty-two hours as they do when they last twenty minutes.

And the engineers had yet another trick up their sleeves. Asteroids Deluxe, Lyle Raine had promised to introduce me to it. Lurkers, your days are numbered.

Thus, at the culmination of my Asteroids quest, the gods designed to grant me a vision of the future: I would be among the very first people in the world to lay eyes on Asteroids Deluxe.

And there was a sense of mischief about my expedition, because the arcade where the game was being tested was being tested by a team from the Atari Manufacturing Corporation, the Atari team manufacturing of Space Invaders and Atari's largest competitor.

Even though it was a school day—about 11:00 a.m.—I observed—the arcade was filled with people. There were a few people who were waiting outside and eventually went in. They were mostly men, and they were mostly in the Atari machine, a striking piece of equipment with a variety of more colorful elements than the original game. We began to play. The machine was slow to start, but the rest of the player's life of night, and the images on it were projected upward onto a half-silvered mirror, which the player looked into. The mirror made the rocks and bullets appear to hang in the air. Visible through the mirror was a greatly muted background of twinkling asteroids and colorful space ships and saucers. The visual effect was stunning, but also smothering. So-called Asteroids play requires a degree of concentration, in which the player puts everything but looks at nothing in particular. I found it difficult to notice that state on the new machine. There were two major distractions. Raine said that the problem had come up before and that the machine was working on it, and a little grumpy, and yet I can't honestly say that I want to play it now that I did at noon, when I began. Still, a man has responsibilities. I took a decent game, type my initials, and decide to call it quits.

And then I went into my pocket and dug in another quarter.

also that changed me around the screen with a degree of that increased as my score did. The Hyper Space button was gone. In its place was a button labeled "Shields," which I pressed. It shrunk the field forward inside my ship, protecting me from rocks and bullets but hiding me eventually disintegrating with us. The rocks rotated unerringly. The machine, however, would record scores of up to 1,000,000 points.

Asteroids Deluxe was proving very popular. Marketing data from the initial field test indicated that the game was being played virtually every minute the machine was open. I wasn't so impressed as the thought. The prototype struck me as unnecessarily frilly, something like the Thunderbird after Ford decided to turn it into a full-sized car. An important part of

ASTERIODS' engineers have a new trick up their sleeves. They call it Asteroids Deluxe, and it's a striking piece of equipment. It has a new alien spaceship and a Shields button to replace Hyper Space. It has also been entirely re-programmed. So lurkers, beware.

the game's appeal is the unadorned elegance of its original concept. Chen wouldn't be more convincing if you placed it on a video screen. There are no Asteroids—no more convincing when you play it on a one-way mirror. And besides, in four games I didn't score over 10,000.

I'm glad to be back in Playland again, playing good old fast-forward Asteroids. It's four o'clock now, so John Fisher and the rest of the machine crew are gone. They're moving in their offices, stomachs rumbling, waiting for the work day to end so that they can come back here and enjoy a few more drinks. It's probably been too long since they've returned. I've got most of fifteen dollars' worth of quarters stashed in various pockets—enough to last me some well after dark. But that I have any business spending more hours here today than I've already spent, I should be home now, thinking of interesting things to try to my wife or making something for dinner. Maybe I could turn all these quarters into some kind of reward for working on it, and a little grumpy, and yet I can't honestly say that I want to play it now that I did at noon, when I began. Still, a man has responsibilities. I took a decent game, type my initials, and decide to call it quits.

And then I went into my pocket and dug in another quarter.

PROGRAMMERS' NOTES: How to Win at Asteroids

Despite the fact that most Atari programmers and engineers are extremely conservative players, they can be handy people for an Asteroids player to know. Following is a list of hints, tips, and computer secrets that ought to improve your game.

1. If you want to stand as if you know what you're doing when you play Asteroids, you can show around some of the a-bombs along that has grown up around the game. At Atari, the little flying saucer is called Mr. Bill. His big brother is Shaggy. Mr. Bill and Shaggy are also known as "shooters," which is a company word for the "computer-controlled intelligence" in these games. But in play, it's just a name. Each new asteroid in Asteroids is called a wall or some. Individual asteroids are referred to as rocks.

2. Shaggy lives at random. Mr. Bill aims "Mr. Bill knows where you are, and he knows what direction you're moving at," explains programmer Ed Logg. "He takes this information and picks a window between the two degrees of rock size you can, and then shoots randomly inside it. For this reason, you should never move straight at him. It makes you bigger relative to him. The further away you are, the smaller a target you are."

3. The higher your score is, the more accurate Mr. Bill becomes. At a score of 30,000, he narrows down his firing window and increases his chances of hitting you.

4. Although Mr. Bill aims at you, he doesn't fly at you—at least not on purpose. His movements, like Shaggy's, are randomly determined within well-defined limits. His horizontal speed is always the same, which means he moves faster when he changes his angle of movement—something he does every second or so.

5. The first wall in an Asteroids game consists of four rocks, the second of six, the third of eight, and all succeeding walls of ten. (In Asteroids Deluxe the sequence is six, seven, eight, nine.)

6. The pattern, direction, and speed of the rocks at the beginning of a wall are random within a certain range. Contrary to what many players believe, the rocks do not speed up as the game progresses.

7. Every large rock contains two medium-sized rocks, each of which contains two small rocks. Smaller rocks are positioned at random within larger ones. When a moving rock breaks up, the smaller rocks that constitute it will tend to move in the same direction the larger rock was moving. (There is conservation of momentum.) Ed Logg says, although pieces will occasionally break off in the opposite direction. It is safer to fire at rocks that are moving away from your spaceship.

8. Your spaceship can fire up to four shots at a time. Once those shots have been fired, you can't shoot any more until they either hit something or die of old age. The lifetime of a shell is somewhat shorter than the time it would take it to travel all the way across the screen.

9. Because your ship can miss almost every time one of your bullets hits something, you can sometimes fire in long, satisfying streams if you aim carefully at compact clusters of rocks.

10. If you are moving forward when you fire, your shots will register that they do if you are standing still. If you are moving backward, they travel more slowly.

11. Ed Logg's opinion, like Albert Einstein's, is correct: any object that dis-

appears off one side of the screen reappears at the corresponding point on the opposite side. It is then possible (and often desirable) to destroy objects by firing away from them. (This fact, sadly, is one of the keys to the losing hacking strategy.) In the original Asteroids, Mr. 180 does not take advantage of this wonderful effect, aiming only "into the screen" even when he would have a better chance of hitting you by firing off the side.

12. No rock moves straight up and down or straight across the screen. If the rocks were allowed to do that, it would be possible to "ride" on the screen's rock that you would be the shooter, not the shot. As in other video games, the picture on an Asteroids monitor is really somewhat larger than the screen. This means there is sometimes a fairly wide margin of available space around the edges of the visible screen. If the rocks could travel parallel to either of the axes, you could have one in the available margin and never hit it unless you hit it by accident.

13. When you push the Hyper Space button, you have approximately one chance in five of blowing up an enemy, even if you remember to use an empty shot. If you shoot a rock that only barely hits on Hyper Space the best players use their thumbs. The best players use the button only in dire emergencies.

14. If your favorite Asteroids machine one day seems faster than usual, the operator may have installed a modification kit to speed it up. These kits increase the speed of all moving objects on the screen (including your spaceship and its bullets) by close to 50 percent.

15. The maximum number of objects that can appear on the screen at one time is thirty-five: twenty-seven rocks, one drone, two drone bullets, your spaceship, and four of your spaceship's bullets. With any more objects than that, the computer wouldn't have time to make the necessary calculations, and the game would visibly slow down. As a result, if you get close to thirty-five objects, you can sometimes do things like destroy big rocks with single shots—see if the most surprising consequence the game has to offer. —E.D.



A SPACESHIP IN pursuit of two asteroids. This game requires more than just skill, concentration, and good luck. It also demands a lifetime of quarters.



Defying all odds, Charlie Criss has reached the highest levels of professional basketball.

CHARLIE CRISS: JAMES FINE/CORBIS OUTLINE

Little Big Man

by RICK TELANDER

He stands eye-to-eye with an average eighth grader but plies his trade among the giants of sports. He's called The Mosquito or Bamm Bamm or Charlie Criss, and he's the smallest player in the NBA

THE

FIRST TIME I SAW CHARLIE CRISS PLAY BASKETBALL, I WAS WITH THE SUBWAY STARS IN HARLEM. IT WAS THE SUMMER OF 1974, AND WE—THE SUBWAY STARS and I, their coach—were sitting high in the stands in a City College gym, separated from the other spectators by twenty rows of empty bleachers. We needed the better of four extra dollars because the Subway Stars were a rowdy, contentious group of playground kids from Brooklyn, adept at closing scores. Only the week before, returning from a pickup game in Central Park, we'd stepped into a food store where the owner had spotted two of the Stars lifting cans of soda and had quickly backed the entire team against the wall

with a cocked, slightly twitching Luger. Below us now, a team from the Bronx called the Courtmen was playing a New Jersey squad, the 2 + 2 League, in the second game of a Rucker League double-header. Named after its late founder, Horcorbe Rucker, the Harlem summer basketball league was—and remains—the stage on which New York playground braves, teenage goths, and suburban NBA stars usually come together to test the limits of the "city game."

A very short, slightly balding guard for the Courtmen kept catching my eye. He was scoring a lot of points, darting through heavy traffic, hitting the jump shot, toe-kick floater in the middle of the zone, in a Play ground, a ball about twice the size of a basketball.

through with basketball, in three or four years. He lives with his wife, Mary, and their three children in a five-bedroom house—the only home Charles has ever owned—on a fashionable tree-lined neighborhood about fifteen miles south of the Hawks' home court. A pine forest borders the back yard, and at night a green glow of nocturnal insects swirls. Charles's yard is quiet, but moving it is still a necessity for him; he fits in part work among road trips and practices. Although he is not always recognized even in his own neighborhood, Charles's image is burned into hometown fans' minds. Charles's yard is quiet, but moving it is still a necessity for him; he fits in part work among road trips and practices. Although he is not always recognized even in his own neighborhood, Charles's image is burned into hometown fans' minds.

Watching Charles now as he sits in his living room with his wife, I found myself thinking back to the playground, to a sixteen-year-old we called Little Ernie, who desperately wanted to be part of the Subway Stars but couldn't overcome the fact that he was only five feet tall. "I'm a guy, but I'm a guy, really really that short," was how Philo Billy put it. "The dude just be a little too little." Little Ernie was a good kid at heart, but he was never really the same after his rejection by the Stars, and you could see that he wouldn't be able to hold on once his grip began to slip. In 1977, he was stabbed to death by some bigger guys in Bedford Stuyvesant.

It is easy to explain how Charles Cross made it, more difficult to explain why. And even if we did know it is doubtful whether we could turn that knowledge to our own use. The source of the desire that enables one man to outlast the rest is as unique as his fingerprint, as personal as his family history.

"It's not race where my drive came from," said Charles. "I knew I was good, like I said. But it was a combination of a lot of things. I wanted to prove something to people. I wanted to get out of New York, and I wanted to make money too."

Charles shrugged and gazed off at the TV. Earlier, we had discussed Fly Williams, a six-foot-five leaper from Brooklyn who led the college ranks in scoring one year in the early Seventies. Fly never made it to the NBA. The reason wasn't "attitude," he was a bad guy, a head case.

"Fly has as much talent as anybody," Charles said. "But some things in your makeup you just can't change." I wondered about how Fly could keep playing in showcase games, knowing what he was throwing away. "Rich context," Charles said. "I guess he doesn't care."

For a moment it looked as though Charles were going to continue. But he paused, and the conversation died. I knew what he was going to say, though. That Charles Cross has never stopped caring.

How to Play Short Against a Big Man

OFFENSE

POWER

DUNKING: Charles Cross dunks the ball extremely hard, so that it spreads less time on the floor or in the air and more time on his head, which gives him greater control and speed.

SHOOTING: Charles Cross shoots the ball with a lot of power, especially hard on the back. "Cross says, 'The quicker the ball gets back up to your hand, the better you move.'"

GOING UP FAST: Charles Cross is a little more should have a

quick yet disciplined jump shot—one that can be launched accurately before a taller defender can jump. Says Charles Cross: "It doesn't matter how tall you are if you're the one which you shoot first."

GET THE DEFENDER IN THE AIR: By taking a defensive player into the air before taking a shot, a short player can move in close where the airborne defender will come down on him, thus committing a foul.



THE SPIN ON 'THE PEARL'

This move, first popularized by Earl "The Pearl" Monroe during the early Seventies, was once thought of as backcourt but is now considered fundamental by many pro coaches. The spin allows a player who is moving with the ball to change direction without a swish or a dribble to his other hand. It is accomplished by an offensive player who does a complete 360-degree turn in front of the defender but continues to dribble with the same hand.

The benefit of the Pearl to a short man is that it permits longer-armed opponents from reaching around and stealing the ball, which they usually try to do when the offensive man changes hands on the dribble.

DEFENSE

HAND SPEED: One of Charles Cross's most valuable skills is his hand speed, especially valuable to have colorful hands. Playing in close and stopping the ball out of the taller player's hands is as much for his shot as an excellent way of nullifying his height advantage.

FOREARM

CHECKING: The hand check was outlawed two years ago, but certainly most referees now allow players to use their forearms on opponents to slow their progress. For the time being, this technique is vital. "You lean in," says Cross, "and use your forearm as a brace."



ACTING OUT

FOULS: "Rude doesn't make it any easier for little guys," says Charles. "They think that you're getting fouled and just because you're small, not because you're actually getting fouled." To compensate, Charles often does some strong elbow contact, exaggerating the effect of the foul.

STRENGTH: For a short player, sheer strength is a critical factor. Both Charles Cross and Calvin Murphy, the second-smallest men in the NBA, have stocky, muscular builds. "When you drive to the hole and really get stepped," says Cross, "you're not to be strong enough to take the knee and still get the shot off."

FORCE YOUR MAN TO THE BASE LINE

The old saw "Never give your man the base line" is no longer relevant in the pros. Little men, especially, must force the player they're guarding to the base line, where the big guys and the cut-off forwards are capable of making effective plays.

CUT YOUR MAN OFF

If a big man steps past him, Charles seldom makes back for the ball or tries for a steal. "Rude always cut back on," he says. Instead, he sprouts to a cutoff point, sets himself, and hopes the man will run into him, thereby committing a charging foul.

—R. E.

He wasn't paranoid.

A bona fide liberal, he lived peaceably in an affluent Los Angeles suburb.

Then one night he needed fast action from the police, and they came too late. That's when he decided to acquire a skill for our time

Shooting to Kill

by Peter A. Lake

*Some people prey upon other people....It has always been so and it is not going to change **

Twenty-four of us, hushed and tense as novices writing for the pope in the Vatican Chapel, sat crowded in a small classroom in the middle of Arizona's cow country. At 9:30 a.m., the temperature had already reached 100 degrees, while we waited for the man who would teach us how to shoot to kill. Not deer or quail or bunny rabbits, but snappers, eagles, assassins, and the other killer fauna that haunted our dreams. A skill for our times. To acquire this skill we'd paid \$250 for instruction, around \$50 for ammunition, our own transportation costs, and room and board for six days.

It is rumored in some circles that if you own a gun or enjoy shooting guns, you are either a right-wing fanatic or a comfortable

permeoid. So you should know that my name appeared on Richard Nixon's speeches but not that I have an American Civil Liberties Union card, a Sierra Club card, an Audubon Society card, and a Democratic party voter-registration card. But after an unsettling accident in Los Angeles, where I live, I stacked them all neatly in a drawer beneath a box of 45-caliber ammunition and sent a \$500 deposit to the Gunsite Ranch in Pinalen, Arizona.

One Saturday night I was walking my Norfolk terrier on the sidewalk between my apartment building and the Venice beach. They condemnations in my neighborhood start at \$500,000, but only a few blocks away from Venice proper, well known as the roller-skating capital of the Western world. It is also home to a large percentage of the hard-core drug addicts in Los Angeles.

As the terrier pulled me along, an attractive woman flirted only in passing and a short negative case tumbled toward me. She was out, alas, recruiting for a porno party.

"They're in my apartment with guns and knives," she giggled, gesturing toward

my building. "Two men had broken in while she slept, tied a pillowcase over her boyfriend's head, and began undressing the vulnerable. She had escaped."

I took the terrier and the terrified dog back to my apartment and called the police.

Los Angeles offers no such three-day emergency number, so I dialed the operator, who, after three tries, finally connected me with one of those internal machines that serve the airlines well but

Peter A. Lake is a writer/publisher living in Venice, California. This is his first article for Esquire.



make a mockery of emergency calls. "This is a recording. You have reached the Los Angeles Police Department. All our lines are busy now...."

In a city that has almost singlehandedly shaped the country's notions of crime fighting through thousands of movies and television shows, a city that has a former policeman for a mayor, a city that prides itself on efficient municipal services and smooth operations, in that dem-Eden on the Pacific, I listened helplessly to a disembodied voice and imagined that only a few yards away a man's lifeblood might be

flowing out of a sheet of paper and spilling onto the carpet.

Leaving the woman holding the phone, I grabbed my Colt .45 1911 Government Model pistol and ran downstairs, full of hope and fear, a fool acknowledging the rule of Sergeant York. I had never fired the gun, did not even know whether it would shoot me, if it did, whether I could hit anything. The woman's male friend was standing outside her apartment, pothetically holding a kitchen knife that quivered uncontrollably. The burglar had fled, and he, too, pursued by his own de-

mons, would soon leave that apartment alone.

Eighteen minutes after I dialed the police, an officer answered their emergency phone. "Proposition Thirteen really hit us," he said. "We're really jammed up, and it's going to get worse."

These it was, the ugly little truth we keep in the dark corners of our psyche, suddenly popping into the light and stacking its long-out at us: the police will come eventually, and fill out forms and close up any cases lying around, but until they do we'll just have to wait patiently.

*This sentence and those that follow in this following pages are from *Proposition Thirteen*, by Jeff Cowper © Faber Press 1973.

Come to where the flavor is.



Marlboro's Lights or Marlboro 100's—
You just feel the difference.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec 20

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A Doctor Proscribes

WHY MEDICINES MAKE ME NERVOUS

BY WILLIAM A. NOLAN, M.D.



I have been a practicing doctor of medicine for more than twenty-five years, and I am ready to admit that medicines make me nervous. I'm not just talking about the fourteen pills I take every day for my own ailments (see box, overleaf); I'm talking about a more important matter, the more than thirteen billion prescriptions written each year by experienced physicians for the suffering likes of you.

Let me begin by slapping a simple label on the contents of this article: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A COMPLETELY SAFE MEDICINE. Any time a doctor writes a prescription, he knows that he is subjecting his patient to certain risks. He expects that the medicine will help, but he is alert to the possibility that it may harm. If he is conscientious, he does not take this responsibility lightly. He weighs a number of factors before he puts his pen to the prescription pad, and then, from the dozen or so medicines that might alleviate or cure the condition he wants to treat, he selects the one that will do the job best. Here are the things he must consider:

First—and this isn't as easy as it may seem—the physician has to decide whether any medicine at all is necessary. Since many diseases are self-limited, the physician must decide whether or not the benefit to be gained by giving a medicine (inlet of pain, perhaps, or possibly a shortening of the duration of the ailment) is worth whatever makes the administration of the medicine any effort.

Consider, for example, a patient who has sprained his back muscles. He comes

to the doctor looking for relief. The doctor knows that with heat, rest, and, perhaps, judicious use of aspirin (assuming the patient is not allergic to aspirin and does not have a stomach that is sensitive to it), the patient will get better in a week or ten days. However, there is a medicine called Soma Compound, manufactured by Wallace, that contains carisoprodol, phenacetin, and codeine; and though no one knows exactly how carisoprodol and phenacetin work, it is known that they do often reduce the discomfort of patients with strained back muscles. Under supervision the package insert specifies: "In no adjunct to rest, physical therapy, and other measures for the relief of discomfort associated with acute, painful musculoskeletal conditions." Under warnings, however, the package insert says, in capital letters: CAUTION: CLOSING PRECAUTION: PRECAUTION: IF TAKEN IN LARGE DOSES FOR LONG PERIODS IN COMBINATION WITH OTHER ANALGESICS, IS ASSOCIATED WITH SEVERE KIDNEY DYSKASIA AND WITH CANCER OF THE KIDNEY, DROWNING, LETHARGY, DEPRESSION, ILLNESS, NEUROLOGICAL, PARALYSIS, OVERDOSE.

THE AUTHOR IS A FELLOW OF THE
AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

My Fourteen Pills

Even though I am sorry of medicines, I take fourteen pills every day. If this sounds inconsistent, let me assure you that I can justify the taking of each of these pills. In fact, I wouldn't feel safe if I didn't take them. For I had high blood pressure since I was twenty-four (I am now fifty-two), and in 1975 I underwent an open-heart operation, a double coronary artery bypass (known colloquially as a "double cabbage"), to reduce the angina (heart pain) caused by severe arteriosclerotic obstruction of the arteries to my heart. Whatever pills you're taking, if any, you ought to be able to justify them as well as I can justify mine.

I take two Dyazide (Smith Kline & French) in the morning, two at bedtime. I have high blood pressure, and Dyazide is a diuretic, a "water-lowering" pill. Diuretics are almost invariably the first type of drug a physician prescribes to try to lower blood pressure. Two Dyazides twice a day is the maximum daily dose of Dyazide. I need that much. And I take Dyazide rather than Hydralazine (Merck/Sharp & Dohme), another well-known and efficacious diuretic, because Dyazide is potassium-sparing. With other diuretics the patient may have to take potassium supplements, since potassium is washed out in the urine. This is less likely to happen with Dyazide.

I take two Persantine (Boehringer Ingelheim) twice a day. Persantine dilates the coronary arteries, and after the heart attack that hit me in 1975 my coronary arteries need all the dilation they can get.

I take two aspirin a day, because there is some evidence that aspirin helps prevent the development of clots in blood vessels. This seems to be true only in mice.

Finally, I take twenty milligrams of Inderal four times a day. Inderal is Iproridine brand name for propranolol, and propranolol is a beta-adrenergic receptor blocking agent. Among other things, it reduces both the rate and the oxygen consumption of the heart. In the U.S. it has been approved for the treatment of irregular heart rhythm since 1967, but the FDA did not approve it for use in treating hypertension until 1976. However, in Europe it had been used legally to manage hypertension for many years, and in the U.S. (legally for this purpose) since 1967. I take it as treatment for my hypertension. Dyazide wasn't enough, and I got side effects from other antihypertensive medicines I had tried. One pill made me drowsy; another gave me nightmares and a stuffy nose; a third made me impatient (I got off that third one very quickly). Inderal has been great. I haven't had any side effects; my potassium stays at normal levels. In the opinion of many doctors—and I'm one of them—Inderal is one of the best heart-blood pressure drugs to come along in years. (Propranolol is not for everyone. Asthmatics can't tolerate it, and it may be dangerous for patients susceptible to heart failure.)—W.A.N.



ANTIHYPERTENSIVE REACTIONS HAVE BEEN REPORTED

Should a doctor prescribe for a patient a medicine with the potential to produce these side effects, when all that is to be gained is some relief from symptoms of a back strain? Perhaps not, but I have to conclude, I've prescribed Some Compound hundreds of times. Used judiciously—that is, for only three or four days—it is, in my experience, an extremely safe and reasonably effective drug. I have never known a patient to show any of the side effects listed on the package insert.

I must, however, confess that I have never personally taken Some Compound. When I strain my back, as I have done many times, I take aspirin, use a heating pad, and abstain from sexual or recreational (depending on the season) till the aching muscle heals and the pain goes away. I wouldn't be about to take Some Compound, but since I don't need to take it, I prefer not to do so.

How do I do it myself for prescribing a pill I wouldn't use if I had the condition for which I'm prescribing it? I prescribe it because my patient has come to me seeking

some relief for his strained back that he can get with aspirin, heat, and rest. He wouldn't spend twelve dollars for an office visit (which is what we charge here in Litchfield, Minnesota) if he expected me to prescribe he'll be able to get on his own. So I tell him Some Compound, but only after explaining that he'll eventually get better with or without the medicine.

And no, I don't read the package insert, because I am virtually certain that he isn't going to develop any of those side effects. If I read patients the package insert of all the medicines I prescribe, none

of them would take any medicine, even if it was potentially lifesaving. If they want to be frightened, I will, but most don't want to be frightened. However, when prescribing medicine with which I haven't had much personal experience, I'm likely to spend more time talking about side effects than when prescribing drugs with which I'm very familiar.

Although all this sounds pessimistic,

I think it is only sensible. Many studies have shown that the effect a medicine produces is often dependent, at least in part, on the attitude

the doctor takes when he gives the patient the prescription. In for example, I give a patient a prescription for pills to help him sleep. I say, "Watch out for these habits; they're really potent. Better be next to your bed when you take one." The chance that the patient will sleep well after taking a pill is greater than if I had said, "I don't know how good these are. They seem to help some patients do all right but don't do much for others." Psychological reinforcement often improves the efficacy of a medicine, not only in the case of placebo but in that of pain killers, muscle relaxants, tranquilizers, and even antibiotics. The placebo effect, which is what psychological reinforcement provides, is very real if not yet fully understood.

Conversely, if I check on the possibility that the medicine I'm prescribing may produce drowsiness, dizziness, or impotence (do mention any three side effects occasionally produced by many drugs), there is an excellent chance that I will reduce one or more of these side effects in my patient. I think I have good evidence to warrant the potential of the possibility of any side effect that may prove dangerous to less—I wouldn't, for example, want him to drive when drowsy—but I try not to be overvigilant. I say, for example, "Once in a great while these pills react a patient's stomach, so for the first couple of days, let me see how they affect you. If you do better not drive right after you take one."

There is a fine line to be noted here, much as I have a positive attitude in prescribing. I have a moral and legal obligation to keep the patient properly informed.

I try, whenever I know that medication—over the word for medicine is reasonably well established, a physician's second consideration is efficacy. Let's say, for example, that his patient has pneumonia and needs an antibiotic; which of the hundreds of available antibiotics should he prescribe?

The general rule in medical practice is to prescribe drugs as specifically as possible. We'll assume that the X-ray shows a pneumonia of the type caused by a bacterium rather than by a virus. Since the most common cause of bacterial pneumonia is the pneumococcus, we will probably begin

with penicillin, because the pneumococcus is almost invariably sensitive to penicillin and the drug has a fairly narrow spectrum: that is, penicillin will kill the pneumococcus and a few others, but none of the more general class (such as the streptococcus), but it won't indicate extremely wide out of the other bacteria of the nose, mouth, and bowel. Water-soluble antibiotics often produce overkill. They destroy the organism that is causing the disease, but they also kill the bacteria that normally inhabit the body and help us with things like digestion. When most of the normal flora of the body are destroyed, the bacteria, fungi, and viruses that remain can multiply, producing other diseases, some of which can be life-threatening. The doctor who uses "shotgun therapy" the one who throws two or three potent antibiotics at an infection, can be a very dangerous friend.

Before naming the antibiotic, the doctor should get a culture culture. In the laboratory the organism will be wiped on an agar plate, and small paper discs, each impregnated with a different antibiotic, will be placed on the surface of the plate. Forty-eight hours later, when the culture has grown, the laboratory should be able to report which organism has caused the pneumonia and to which antibiotic it is most sensitive. There will be an area clear of bacterial growth around the disc containing the antibiotic that kills the bacteria. The wider the clear area, the more effective the antibiotic. If the physician then learns that the responsible organism is a staphylococcus rather than a pneumococcus, and that the staphylococcus is resistant to several of our very sensitive antibiotics (loss of the power antibiotic), he can make the appropriate changes in the treatment regimen.

If the infection is in the bloodstream, the primary medicine is a hot on the skin, the culture is the skin. The doctor who will have a culture made of the blood, urine, or stool, began treatment with the antibiotic that usually works best against the organisms most likely to be responsible; and if necessary, adds to a different antibiotic when the culture report is available.

The physician should be as selective in choosing other drugs as he is in choosing an antibiotic. Some

prescriptions are more effective in treating disease, others work best in reducing discomfort, many are useful in testing lesions. The more specific the diagnosis, the more specific the treatment can be.

Whether it is an infection, a depression, or a pain that is being treated, it's important for the physician to judge accurately the severity of the problem. If the patient has a life-threatening infection (bacteria in the blood), then a potent antibiotic, even though it has some dangerous side effects

from some less potent medicines, may be the treatment of choice. For the patient who is suicidal it may be necessary to prescribe a stronger tranquilizer (or a barbiturate or even a few drops of cyanide) to get the patient who is really anxious. And the patient who is having a seizure-type attack may need morphine, while the patient with a tension headache should be able to get by on aspirin.

There is great individual variation in sensitivity to drugs. One of my patients, a forty-five-year-old man who weighs 250 pounds and is an art rest, previously felt relief if he takes two or three tablets of Valium. This man, who is thirty-five years old, weighs five feet six inches tall, and weighs 125 pounds, requires ten milligrams of Valium for even mild sedation. Apparently, after his body's metabolized Valium at different rates or their brain cells differ in susceptibility to the drug.

I mentioned the time and age of the two patients because these factors must also be considered when medicines are prescribed. Generally—and the case I cited is an exception—the older the patient, the greater the dose should be. The dosage of some medicines (Fluoromax, an anticancer drug, for example) is always calculated on the basis of the patient's weight. Elderly patients and very young patients usually require smaller doses of drugs—pain killers, say—than do young and middle-aged adults. I learned this early in my internship at Bellevue. One hundred milligrams of Demerol was, I thought, the standard preoperative dose for the elderly. The doctor in charge of the ward, however, told me that the standard had to be modified for the elderly, and so I ordered it for a full eighty-three-year-old woman with a fractured hip. By the time she reached the operating room, about forty-five minutes after the Demerol was given, her blood pressure had dropped from 130 over 90 to 80 over 60, her respiratory rate had slowed from sixteen breaths a minute to ten shallow breaths a minute, and she was rapidly becoming cyanotic. We had to postpone the operation and give her oxygen for three hours while she got over the Demerol. We did the case the next day and I was careful to give her only thirty-five milligrams of Demerol preoperatively.

The physician should be to give enough treatment—without overtreating. The line between adequate treatment and overtreatment can be a difficult one to walk.

We have now decided that the patient needs a medicine, and have a fairly good idea of which medicine will work best, and we have made an informed estimate of how strong the medicine should be. Let us assume that any of these different medicines will suit our purpose. Which one do we choose? The conservative

physician will weigh several other factors. He will first consider side effects. Other drugs being equal, the drug with the fewest side effects (sometimes, all drugs occasionally produce a side effect) will be the one he will select.

Occasionally, distinctive side effects can't be avoided. Anticancer drugs, for example, often cause nausea, loss of all body hair, and dangerous changes in the blood-clotting process, which leaves the patient susceptible to infection. The physician does what he can to ameliorate the side effects—for the patient on anticancer drugs will probably prescribe anti-nausea medicine and possibly prophylactic antibiotics—but these side effects are a direct result of the powerful action of the drug therapy; the patient can't have the cancer-fighting benefits of the medicine without accepting the side effects, which, fortunately, are temporary.

To minimize properly the side effects of any one drug, the doctor should take into account all the drugs the patient is on. Some drugs work antineoplastically, one reducing the effect of the other; others work synergistically, one enhancing the effect of the other.

For example, if a patient is taking Dicumarol (an anticoagulant, or if you prefer, blood-thinner), and his doctor prescribes thyroid hormone to treat a hypothyroidism, the dose of Dicumarol should immediately be reduced by one third. Otherwise, since thyroid acts to increase the effect of Dicumarol, the patient's blood might become too thin, with resultant serious hemorrhaging.

Alcohol works synergistically with most tranquilizers and sedatives. What would be a moderate dose of Valium, for example, be doubled for a sedative effect?

Alcohol may be dangerous when potentially lethal, for a person who has had six or eight martinis on fat, six or eight martinis on ice, for no potentially lethal by themselves.

If your doctor doesn't ask you to tell him what other medicines you're on, volunteer the information. And if you do drink, ask him whether alcohol combines safely with the medicine you will be taking. He can't properly prescribe medicine unless he keeps these things in mind.

But let us turn, as is often the case, to the incidence and seriousness of side effects are about the same for all three of the drugs we're considering. There are two other factors to be taken into account, and how much weight we'll give each factor will vary from patient to patient.

One important consideration is frequency of administration. Often, when a patient comes back to the office complaining that the medicine isn't doing the job, the physician will tell him that he isn't taking the medicine as often as he should.

Which of us, having been given a prescription for pills to be taken four times a day, don't occasionally forget to take the pills along, and so it is necessary to skip a dose? Inadequate medication is obviously ineffective medication, but human nature being what it is, compliance with instructions is likely to be inversely proportional to frequency of administration. So if one medicine (Lanolinol, for example) should be taken four times a day to be effective, and a second will work just as effectively on a once-a-day schedule, then the wise doctor will prescribe the once-a-day medicine. Drug companies realize this, of course, and will never produce medication that requires so fast they need be taken only once or twice a day. But some medicines, because they are quickly metabolized, must be administered more frequently.

The first consideration—and for some patients this may be more important than frequency of administration—is cost. If free pills are equal in all other respects, are side effects delivered from free pills cost, are one dollar, the other only one dollar, then the cheaper pill is certainly preferable.

The bookie, of course, is "equal in all respects." Generally, though not always, a medicine that is prescribed under its generic name will be cheaper than if prescribed under a brand name. But will it be in good? Are the manufacturers similarly as rigid when the company producing the drug is one of the many small companies that manufacture products sold under the generic name? After discussing this matter with several other physicians and pharmacists, I have to say that the answer is "sometimes."

In the case of medicines that have been around a long time—acetylsalicylic acid, and penicillin, for example—products marketed under the generic name will almost certainly be as reliable as those manufactured under brand names, and they will probably be only half as expensive. As one pharmacist says, "V-Cillin K (the Lilly brand of penicillin V potassium) is certainly a high-quality product, but we can't afford to drive Cadillac." Since V-Cillin K results in about eighteen cents a tablet and penicillin V potassium costs only ten cents, the many cautious physician will prescribe under the generic name.

In the case of newer products, pharmacists seem to feel that a lot depends on how reliable the small manufacturer is. "Lederle, for example, buys its generic drugs from several smaller manufacturers," a pharmacist told me. "Lederle regularly checks the quality, so does the smaller manufacturer. I have no qualms about dispensing generic drugs under their conditions."

But most pharmacists, and many doctors, feel that in general it is safer to rely

on the standards of the big pharmaceutical companies. "There are so many small manufacturers producing these medicines," another pharmacist says, "that it's impossible to be certain they're dependable. I'd rather spend more money and be certain I'm getting the best."

In any case, the newest medicines must be bought under the brand name. Patents on new products are good for one to two years, though it may take ten or twelve years after the patent is granted to get the drug on the market.

In twenty years of the private practice of surgery, I have been struck by the fear and repugnance with which most patients approach even the most minor operation. If I recommend a tonsillectomy, a B and G, or even the removal of a small skin cyst, it is not unusual for the patient to ask for advice as to which to take it once, or once—particularly in the last five years—for a chance to get a second opinion. "Is it necessary, Doc?" is a question I like most answers, an frequently asked.

But in those same twenty years, I doubt that I have been questioned more than half a dozen times when I've prescribed medicine. Almost never does anyone ask, "Do I really need this pill?" or "Can't we just wait and see if it just fades without any thing?" or "Is this medicine dangerous?" Usually patients don't even ask the name of the medicine. They'll wait something to make them better, and whatever we give they'll take. The same questions about which patients are so concerned, most seriously have a mortality rate well under one tenth of one percent and a complication rate almost as low, while the number of complications associated with the potent medications they accept so calmly may be ten or fifteen times as high. A patient's reasonable fear of surgery is certainly understandable, much more so than the almost carefree willingness with which he will ingest medicines.

If it is any consolation, and I think it should be, let me assure you that even if patients often have a nonchalant attitude toward medicines, doctors don't. In preparing this article I talked with many physicians, friends, and without exception they shared my wary respect for medicines. I think if there is a practicing physician anywhere in the United States who has not had at least one patient made sicker by the medicine he prescribed than by the illness he was treating. And any physician who claims he has never seen an adverse reaction to medication is either a liar or a fakelard. It is impossible to treat patients with some of the powerful medicines now in common use without occasionally causing trouble.

There may be a few physicians who are exceptions, but the ones I know prescribe. But most doctors for their patients in their doctor themselves—very carefully indeed. ☐

Me and Woody Allen Are Just Like That



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY AROZ

Star-crossed memories of a movie extra

by Richard Tanner

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT ONE TIDING MAN'S VERY UNDESIRABLE DEBUT AS A MOVIE STAR.

All right, a movie star. Well, a featured player, then. All right, an extra. But in the movie, one of the extras. The movies. Lights, camera, and all the rest. Old-fashioned like hard.

At 5:20 ONE AFTERNOON, I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL IN MY OFFICE. "Mr. Tanner?" said a voice from the company that was casting Woody Allen's movie. "Your costume fitting will be tomorrow morning. 10:30 sharp."

It was the first word I'd heard from the casting company since that morning four months before when five thousand other hopefuls and I had responded to the "open call" at Block Shops for Mr. Allen's latest film project.

Obviously my offer instructed me to dress the part by wearing dark clothes—more specifically, shabby dark clothes. I kept a troubled sleep that night.

The costume fitting took place in a large room above New York's Times Square. As soon and more people arrived, I had to face the inevitable conclusion that my talents, when and if employed, were not going to be singularly featured. One thing became apparent immediately: not everyone had been told to dress down. And the voices of dark sweaters, ragged sweaters, and black turtlenecks were an increasing number of white sweater sets and off-white collars. Calvin Klein meets the Bowery Boys. When everyone had arrived, an announcement was made that, indeed, we were to be divided into two groups, cryptically labeled "bad taste" and "happy train." Such was the first real hint I had of the nature of the scene I would eventually enact.

Striding about, I was suddenly aware of a presence in the room. A presence with red hair and glasses. It was Woody Allen. As he silently made his way through the group, giving each person the once-over, the atmosphere charged radically. Conversations abruptly broke off; their participants sat nervously striding while poses. As he passed me, I tried to focus all my attention on some imaginary point across the room. One of the backseat things in this world is to pretend you don't know you're being stared at.

After conferring briefly with the wardrobe people, Mr. Allen left. Then it was time for the fittings. The members of the "happy train" left the room, to be brought in

Richard Tanner is formerly aly, and this is the first time he has appeared in *Esquire* or anywhere else.

an evening with **AMY IRVING**

EVEN CASUAL READERS of this space are by now familiar with the scenic, *Initial Phone Call*, when we and our companion agree on the evening's festivities: First *Impassioned*, when a door swings open and there she is; Dinner, when we usually exchange abridged life stories; Field Trip, which may be to a ball park, a sidewalk, a dance emporium; Saying Goodnight, which always includes a thank-you and, if we're lucky, a kiss; and Bedtime Broadcast, when, likely as not, we muse on the littersweet meaning of life or love or both.

The scenario that follows unfolds according to the accustomed sequence. Except this time somebody sneaked into the projection room and attached jumper cables to our dating machine. The scenes rolled out with sparks flying. Our plot crackled at every turn, moving from heart-to-heart conversation in a sleek café (as photographed by Gordon Willis) to frantic quick-cutting action (as directed by Peter Faiman). When all was over, as Saying Goodnight faded to black, we found ourselves alone in a sparsely empty notebook. Not that the action was sparse; there was simply too much of it.

Which brings us back to the *Initial Phone Call*. When we reached Amy Irving at the Sherry Netherland hotel and identified ourselves, she responded, "Hi." But the "Hi" was so sweet a "Hi" as you can imagine, a "Hi" that arose in register and then plunged, a "Hi" that encouraged us to be a smart aleck. The two of us exchanged quips about our upcoming event. When we asked Amy what she'd like to do, she said, "You decide." We protested, "We're the boy," we said. "That's why you should decide." Amy came back, "But it's the boy's role to ask the girl," we pressed. "Just make it fresh and exciting," she said.

We talked about Santa Fe, where Amy had just bought a house. We agreed to pick her up at a press

reception on Friday night. She mentioned that she was in town with two friends from Texas who'd never before been to New York. Would we mind meeting them later in the evening and taking them along? Not at all, we said, it would be fun.

We arrived at the reception wearing our only two Giorgio Armani items—a gray shirt and a tie of indescribable color—along with other, nameless rags from our closet. Amy was off in a corner, surrounded by reporters. She seemed at ease, sipping a vodka ginlet as she discussed her role in her new movie. She was dressed in black pants, a short black velvet jacket, brown boots, and a necklace she would later say was made from Tibetan corn. If you've seen any of her movies (*Claws*, *The Four Seasons*, *Greensleeves Rise*, *The Completionist*), you know the hallmarks of her beauty: moderate brows, big, glittering blue eyes, an innocent and lanky half-smile.

We led Amy away, guiding her into the corridor and right into a walk-in closet. "Come boy you are," she said with a smile. "Maybe I should be the boy tonight." Leaving the lobby, Amy stepped into the revolving door ahead of us. As she started to push, we told her it was proper for the boy to go through first. Amy let us right on going—all the way back into the lobby, leaving us standing alone on the doorstep.

Dinner was at a downtown place called Roselli, an artists' haunt that can't decide if it's decided or cozy for its own own intention(s). Amy ordered a vodka ginlet, we a bourbon on the rocks. We listened to her abridged life story (her father is the late Jules Irving, esteemed director of the Actors Workshop and later of the Lincoln Center Repertory; her mother is the actress Francis Foster). Amy grew up in San Francisco, moved to New York when she was eleven. She studied violin at the High School of Music and Art. Eventually she and her family moved to L.A. She has a sister, Katie, three years older, who teaches the deaf, and a brother, David, four years older, who's a director.

We asked how being the youngest had affected her. "It made me a great little actress," she replied. Then she told us a story that no other stranger had ever



STYLING: JENNIFER L. LINDS; HAIR: RICHARDSON; MAKEUP: JENNIFER L. LINDS; GROOMING: JENNIFER L. LINDS

"It happened when I was six and wanted a shoulder bag for my birthday," she said. "But my always had to go dance at the same age every week. Kacie didn't let me have a shoulder bag until she was seven. So my other girls are a big blue wolf, a big bear, a mouse. . . . Thanking the story over and over, I remember how much I loved my battered a piece of brown. Fortunately, Any kept taking. I had an incredible sweet tooth as a kid. Candy-bush, real people. One day I stole a quarter from the cash box my father had change in and went out and bought five packs of candy. I was so happy. I was a big blue wolf. My brother saw the bag and wolfed and demanded to know what was inside. I scared again, but the gum was so good, they snuffed the wolfen out of control. Some of the kids said David found the gum and made me callous to Daddy, which I did with tears streaming down my cheeks. He let me

Our thanks are power served. Regrettably, we were moved to tell *Away* the story of what had happened to us and our own

I was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, that I should give him my phone number and we'd talk about it later." Then she looked at us, grabbed our notebook again, and scribbled: *Chen please choose*.

After dinner we sat down Emma Fregatta at the bar. Dorcas is a photographer. The two women kept entirely into deep conversation. Amy told Dorcas about the Italian parietals who earlier in the day had kept asking her about organs. We walked outside. In front of the restaurant was a bathroom section that had been pillaged and stripped of all semioleat parts. The trunk was wide open, and in a flash Amy was cranked up again. Dorcas started giggling. Said we, "You and you were born in a trunk, but this is ridiculous." Clothing on. Amy posed in front of a window that had fancy foliage. Then we traveled south.

Army's comparisons from Texas were Lona and George Fowler, Lona being Willie Nelson's daughter and a fellow Army reader during the filming of *Maverick*. Now Lona is herself a striking beauty: not dark hair, chocolate eyes, smooth olive skin. George is the strapping, silver-

Supply of video screens, which offer continuous tapes of musical acts from doo-wop to New Wave, performing their hits and novelty.

Eventually it's hard hand come out: Buzz and the Flyers' Next Greatest Songs—Orange-red-blue against black. Buzz and the Flyers' Next Greatest Song 'n' All: Buzz had his hair propped and looked as if he'd just gotten his hair done in as his hairdresser, then went right up before crashing into it, shoving off the hair and looking like a man who's been hit and George and Andy and we took to the floor. Move over, Joanne and Bob and Ariana and Kenny. We interrupted. Frugged, pointed, and bowed. Andy told us to go, purely and simply to go. We said that Friday night, the Flyers' Next Greatest Songs: we changed persons. With Lana we were none the less, sending her little bits, turns and frequent signs. Seeking out, or going long after, the Flyers' Next Greatest Songs: to recorded memories of Little Richard, the Coasters, Dizzy Gillespie, and the Supremes. We liked the music, we liked the words, it was good to there to—'we're the



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Drop
you, order or it.

Wicket, a little brown one. One day when we were twelve our mother found a package of—of potential water balloons inside our wallet. We too cried, and confessed we didn't know what they were for.

Amey grabbed our notebook and took it all down. "I intend to write a detailed letter to the editor," she declared. She said that *Enquire* readers should know what kind of guy goes out on these dates. Then she accused herself and headed for the next room. When she returned, she said, "A man followed me to the door. He said

type, his gut over on the prowl, according
his intentions inside

After picking them up, we made tracks for—really for a time ^{way}—the Pepper man Lounge. This rack 'n' roll shrine, the home of the Twist, was prospering tonight, and we thought it just the place for these first-time visitors to the city. Any was reluctant, though nobody much listened to her. Having never been to the original club, we really can't compare the two, but the go-go dancers in their capes are great. And even in their place is a concern.

When we got home, we took out our notebook Paper Threads were strong before the spools, the result of Amy's having torn out the notes she'd been keeping all evening. We hastily sketched down a few of the things that Sad girl articulated about about Buzz's life, the PACT POLYMER sign, that kind of food color. Then we slipped out a clean page and made a note to send a dozen roses to Amy in the morning. We don't remember where we got the roses, and I don't realize by now if we were traveling to the florist about what to write on the card. There, what reason, with Anne? ☐

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**THE WORLD GAINS
OF INTEREST**
AT Macmillan's Winter

*He's
an intimate of
hard truths, close
with her in the city, in love,
nobody watching, no
one there to
judge.*

THE BOYFRIEND'S DUPLICITY

FICTION BY FRANCISCO GOLDMAN

ONE DAY THE NICE YOUNG MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS
name from a hole in the ground comes staggering out of
the Dublin House bar around four in the morning. The
night is cold, cold. Drifting snow sprinkles the air over Broad-
way with bands of sugary light. Taxicabs spin around corners
as silently as pool balls rolling and clung against curbstones in a
cloud of snow. A prostitute in high boots and hot pants walks
by, shielding her bare thighs with the lid from a pizza carton.
The young man finds the dog shivering on a corner with its
leash wrapped around the railing of the subway entrance, its
frightened black eyes roving with white lights. He thinks that it
is the most beautiful puppy he has ever seen. And in that
moment it is, because drunk John Hahn is looking into his own
heart and seeing himself bringing an abandoned puppy home
to the girl he loves, who is so loving with him, who is at the
moment sitting up in bed in her soft blue nightgown that smells
like warm butterscotch, watching a late movie, waiting for him
to come home from his solo simulation of a night out with his
furry old college friends. Too bad Juan
the gypsy doctor is asleep in his chair
when John Hahn comes in with the black
bony dog dangling from his arms. Juan
would have said, "Wow, man, what an ugly
pupper you sure got there. Lookin' how
long them claws in. Looket them teeth, all
orange and red and stickin' out in all the
wrong places. And smell that breath, this
dog, it no good inside. But Noo, no, John,
no bring that dog in here."

There has many reasons for refusing to
let John take the city parish dog back to the
corner where he found it when he wakes
up the next morning and looks at his girl in
disarray. She says that it would only end up
trampled in the sexual shelter, reduced
to a toy brick of ashes in their accompa-
nies. She says that Memo, her golden re-
triever, can use the company that John
out, Ritter, it too naughty to give it. She
says she kind of likes the dog anyway, and
reminds it Mandy Baker, after one of the
waitresses where she works, a fright-
ened, disoriented, dark-eyed girl who lives
with her twin sister in Queens, a girl who



if it all, an unquestioned sense of mission on behalf of his own happiness, and he sensed that bag of dog food up onto the counter and said in a voice that suggested a great secret, this is for you. "It was for you," he said, "I was going to give it to you when you came to see me." Chucky mugged in the bag ruckus. And the look they gave him there. Who were they giving disillusioned young veterinary students? The dog pressed its forehead into his palm, and he stood there for a moment, his hand on the dog's head, and then he took the bag of dog food and started putting it away, taking a step away from the counter. Until one of the unloved young men behind the counter came around and snatched Miley in that alert, natural way people who deal with animals do. And he was gone. And he was gone. And he was gone. What he wanted to be was what he wanted to be. And he was gone. I know it on the street but my motorcycle is silent, can't find the owner, sorry, mad. He left a sub developing these for a second, for the whole thing is mixed up in the mind of the owner, and he was gone. He could hear Miley's chain rattling on the tiles while they turned a corner and snatched, and he suddenly saw himself as he thought he must look to the tired, glowing men behind the counter standing there, loath to hand, openly giving a

It had seemed like a moment of truth, but it passed, like one of those moments when a fish he thinks he's gripped the caudal fin of the city while the muscles and tendons seem to be in a crowded street. Crossing the park, he finds himself dwelling on what he is no longer. That is easier. No longer having to walk muddy. No longer as pleased with his own small discovery as he had been. He knows the way out of this. The road over the mountain in the park resembles the floor beneath a chef's laundry chute, so much dirty, wrinkled white. Children in bright pants play like seals on an inland of rock. But dog anything, he thinks. Miss Grogan Expresses some dog Parado dog Dog of unhappiness. Did he really have to do that? John Hahn smiles. Forgets to dispose of the

OH, DON'T YOU JUST HAVE A GORGEOUS head," declares the southern, silver-haired asymptotic lady, holding Mommy by the ears in the park that night. She is wearing a black, athletic-knit over sweat pants, and Irene recognizes her from television. One of that second-breakdown winter's final snows is falling so lightly as dusty debris from a ceiling beneath a floor where people are dancing. "My, my, what a gorgeous head this age of mine has,"

With courage (and tears) to face John Eshen's suddenly announced decision to leave her, "Some of the things I do and think—boy! He wants to live alone for a while. Some of these black drawings were pretty weird," says bedridden Irene.

[illegible]

"I wonder which one of us would have taken Maude?" he asks.

"Two dogs, Johnny? Two dogs in that studio you talked me into taking? No way."

Dads like me: moving he reviews the dress she took from the publishing company. They wish to buy his picture of Meely in the tropics for the cover of *The Albert Post* (a new novel). *The Ring World* magazine the check with the stained linen. A week later he is commissioned to draw a slice of 1000 for a woman's magazine. *The Strong Woman*, another magazine, buys his picture of Meely, with Meely sitting in the ancient hunter's sweatbox in the hammock, wearing his colored sarong. Bright and timely critical Meely in the fish tank goes to the popular *Pink Quarterly*. "Oh boy," he winks around saying. "This is just incredible!"

Spring comes on him like a musical of humming and chattering bird-headed winged of the artist's life. No more now. He goes every night to the crowded, shabby "young-artists" bar where they show the colourist in jalebis up to the window and down to the street that runs to the Hudson like a narrow stone path between the grime, half-lit buildings of the nocturnal, lost district. There is an awesoming girl with vivid purple hair at the bar every night who gives smiles or dancing with him, but their eyes never meet, she never even asks him his name, sometimes she lets him be a bear, and she always leaves without

John Harvey agent says that it is a good idea, grouping all these Murly pictures into a book since he has sold some more to publishing houses and magazines. Does he think he can write some dandy humorous or, better yet, enigmatic captions? And here has taught Muzio to climb the ladder into her loft bed. Her studio is about the

sine of a bay window. Some of his best Moody pictures hang on her walls. They both have perpetual bumps on their heads from the proximity of her left bed to the coffee table; Irene seems to spend her days snuggled in the hassled space all along, going to acting classes, watercoloring, and whatnot, and John Hahn seems about as much of her as he did before, his kind of craziness being with her but dare not tell her that. The coolness of moving into a new apartment must have taken a toll on his blue hair, thanks John Hahn, weighing it on his hand, but it is as heavy as a waterlogged load of bared nose hair.

EARLY WINTER ARRIVES IN NEW York like a herd of those pallid-out-thinkers Everyone Broadway dance studios. Everyone hurries to the store to buy the winter coats. Everyone is dressed in leather and wool when are cold, bright lights in the store windows, in the headlights of the taxicab procession, swinging sharply in slinky, slithering, slithering, slithering. One out of the crowd. She is going on and on about the wonderful man of vulnerability displayed by the young actress in the movie, this impression of interweaving, this feeling of interweaving, this feeling of interweaving. One idea is if you read. All you need is one idea about your character, and if you stick to it—after all, a movie of a play is only a couple of hours long. You can't have a movie more complicated and while that is fine and fresh with too many ideas at once and end up with a one-dimensional movie, like me. I mean the way I was in that last movie. I was in. One single idea. One idea.

[illegible]

It is not the first time a drawing of Maddy has reached the public eye, but this time

Mr. Hester's illustration is certainly going to be the most widespread. To know who has never stopped thinking of John Hale and himself as part of the same awful accident is to know that the illustration is the cause for celebration, just as it always when one of his pictures appears. How pretty she looks, her face enlivened by cold and emotion, her hair swirling around her head, her eyes looking at the camera, handing her off to some restaurant. They pass by four bookshelves in three blocks. There are *Melville* in all the windows, in one a large cardboard reproduction of his drawing looking over the city. The windows are all the same, and the pictures are always gathered around bookshelves. It is *Monday Day* in New York John Hale. In a mood to celebrate anything, naturally, follows him into the Cold City. He is looking at the city, and the city is looking when they enter cardboard houses on every block, thinks John Hale. He sometimes feels as if the city really had loved him something, and he had, without knowing it, been the cause of it. He brought his own success. Now is rubbing the cold out of her hands and looking around with bright-eyed excitement, as if everything in the Cold City Press is discussing the new illustration on the cover of the new *Walden*.

"Remember," she says, taking his hand, eyes curiously noting the downward turn of his mood, "when Nancy peed all over that blond girl vendor's stack of newspapers, and I just wanted to put the hell out of them but you went up to him and bought the whole pile? He didn't even believe you at first."

MEANS IN YET ANOTHER OF THOSE showcases that are supposedly put out for the benefit of toilet-hungry patrons. John Huston's *Shogun* is a splendid spritz and drizzle but that, in itself, is John Huston's problem. He is a superb, powerful, and lovable. The theater is in a small, weather-beaten building a block away from the Hudson's entrance plaza. One of these March days when you feel as if you're in a desert, you're surprised; you have to keep stripping your coat as the thick, gray sky believes that it isn't winter. The theater seats about 100, and the audience is a mix of the cultured uniformly, the stock rooms of the show, and some out-of-control old-fogies who stole his first job. Electric lines in the wings blow paper streamers leaves trailing behind them. The show is a celebration of the sacrifice of the Queen Elizabeth 2 taking on transatlantic passengers down at the very peak on interpreting the actors and sending the glass windows in the large auditorium. The show is a celebration of the spirit. Still, there is a wonderful as the west-

ed, 30½c teenager; she is scowled in one scene she dances around with a live goose in her arms. At the end of the first act the characters throw her a party and she stands and sings a charming ballad that dissolves into one of those rambling and grotesque grish songs to everyone and everything, and that continues to climb like some bodiless air for a full acrobatic minute, after which the lights leave, faded.

The glenlivet of the tiny theater and her shining dominance of it promote all sorts of emotions in the successful young flamenco. Life is startled by, and curious about, the woman who has the power to realize that he has never thought of acting as one of these masts in which you can study an actor's development and see all the effort and understanding that have been poured into the art. But when he is moved, and feels let out of it. But trying to watch brace free, he keeps getting caught up in the illusion of the play that, which seems to make in a heart's second, the actor is not a man, but a woman, the source audience: himself, the steadily applauding, overreacting, part-up young reviv, the friends of the cast lining the front of the stage and actresses who have been coming in from their Long Island suburbs to watch their thirty-year-old men in these showpieces for nearly a quarter of a century. The overplayed grandeur of the scene, the past, the future of the

The leading male fails to make his appearance in the third act, because he is so busy in the second act, and is laughing through the *vaudeville* skits at the immense, purposely close-fisted of the Queen Elizabeth II. In fact, holding the line goes, runs twice through the *vaudeville* skits, and then, finally, through down the goose and in a peasant-gal race that leaves into Michael's outfit goes shopping all the clattered skirts. The audience appreciates this very appropriate, and the young director climbs up onto the stage, says that the play is ended and there is no more to be played. He picks up the small red smoking horse at his feet, announces in the roof of the dollhouse, and hands it to

"Wonderlust" lingers (even in the long absence) of her she and John have gone to "The leading man can't come out because he's stricken with wonderlust! Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I mean..." She is livid. He had told her over and over how wonderful she was in the play when she finally

came out of the dressing room after an hour with hairpins in her braids. He had been hoping she would find the whole show funny.

"To marry," he says.

"Wonderful! And his moon and did there... the trails off breathlessly into a silence that takes his own breath with it. He thinks, it is finally settling in late May behind the door. The door is open, and from this acting hell, take her away from all this. Promise marriage, finally, a home in the country. Something. Would she want that? John Hahn doesn't notice that she is leaving the hall until she is almost at the door, hanging her coat slowly behind her. He watches her go, and she glances back over her shoulder to watch the shadow turn on her backside to watch. On the sidewalk she stops to look at him through the window with an expression that is hurt, utterly bewildered, as if he and the dock workers had just taken a wife from her. She looks at him, and then she steps her feet against the fields inside the stage, but punches it angrily a few times as if trying to punch through a door, and finally, catching the hand up a little, she shuts it through the stone and is gone. He senses that she wants him. He can tell. That he should get up and look from the bar. He drinks up the rest of his bottle, hesitates a moment, leaps up and runs out into the street just as she closes the door of a cab that is already pulling away.

BY CRONIN READERS FINDING OUT
Mainly the topics in every-
where. It is on the small-
news, a cover, in
newspaper site, in pages hanging from
the sides of the... If only there were
received a commission or state? John
John Hahn often. Most dramatically, it is
on the immense billboard announcing
the movie that overlooks Times Square:
against a backdrop of lightning-colored
lightning bolts, a woman in a white
squares, where the city like some Chinese
dragon. They have even put tinted lights
in its open end and at the ends of its
glowing, three-dimensional torso. So all
is in the ancient-looking dog that all
lights and resources are in the
squares, and the woman is a pine under
it, and the Friday- and Saturday night
crowds pouring out of the subway's maw
to have come up from the ground just
to dance in a shadow. John Hahn goes often
to sit on a park bench in the heart of
the Square. He has seen a woman, a
woman of one of his unknown
wonderful things a waiter upon in limited
confinement. "It makes me feel like Times
Square's a big open field," he notes.
the shopping-bag lady with wide white hair,
pointing at a Manly with thin lips and
a wide smile. "I don't know if you
we're all a, too? Just that day has great
has told her that there is no reason in

All of this is incontestable. What it means for the cook is a hot oven and short cooking times. If you cook a venison roast the way you would a prime rib, you will burn off a piece of dry, tough meat. You don't cook a game bird for an hour in a slow oven to draw the fat. In fact, you might even want to split a pheasant or a grouse and stuff it in butter. Or if you do cook it in the oven, you will probably want to cover it with a strip of bacon and fill the cavity with apples and oranges.

Lately she has been experimenting with a little water smoker. The first got interested when a friend served as a sous-chef that he had cooked at one. The first had been living in Britain long, and he weighed more than two hundred pounds. According to the conventional wisdom, the meat should have been tough as shoe leather; instead, it was remarkably tender and moist—as good as any venison I have ever eaten. It was the smoker, our friend told us. It took under the meat as it cooked. So we got our own water smoker and went right to work. The principle of the thing is simple enough: a pan of water or some other liquid is placed over a bed of hot coals to add some steam to the smoke, which keeps the meat moist. We smoked grouse, and we smoked some lake trout that I had shipped all the way from the Yukon; the birds were fine, and the fish was tasty and moist—better for

beginning than anything you could get at the world's greatest fish. But comfort with main courses, my wife began adding cheese and nuts, placing them on a separate rack over the fish or birds and baking them off easily for hours if necessary.

Though her idea for smoked appetizers came straight out of a book, most of my wife's best cooking ideas either are original or are modifications of something she has read. There is, however, another source: the annual charity game dinner that is held just up the road, in the farmhouse. After the pump truck and the ladder truck have been moved out onto the street, game tables and one long serving table are set up to accommodate people who arrive with \$5 and an appetite. The game is provided by local hunters. I suppose because they don't know what to do with themselves. My wife would skin one if I gave them anything.

The cooking is done by the local women according to family recipes, and there are some dishes that are exotic enough for even the most adventurous eater: moccasin steak, squirrel pie, venison sausage! They are excellent, and the game that the women bring are extraordinary—especially the rabbits. There is always a line, so I carry a bag of wine, and we stand outside the farmhouse in the cold drizzle from the birds and breathing the fragrances that come drifting out from the

smoking fire. By the time we get inside, we are a little weak and light-headed and ready for anything.

The price of attendance at the dinner a year ago was roast duck legs. The crowd had been provided by a farmer who lives a mile or two up the road from us. The bear had been testing his stock, so he and his sons went after it and shot it, then donated it to the charity supper. The meat was dark and pungent, with a flavor that was unacceptably wild. It was easily the most popular dish at the dinner, and by the time I got back in line for seconds, there was none left. I had to settle for another slice of shadfast pie.

First, of course, is unexcusable, and the profusion of serving slices a host's finally cooked the end of the culture. The fact that E. M. Forster once wondered how man goes on day after day "putting in his moment of the day into a hole in his life without becoming surprised or bored" only goes to show how deranged some writers can get. Food is one of life's great joys—right up there with sex, and each easier to talk about. In New York, you get just as little as you get out without the language. All you need is a reservation, credit card, and an expense account. The gathering gives you something else, something like love.

GILBERT KORMAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

IN HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

IN DEFENSE OF GOSSIP

Without writers who peep through keyholes, politics and history would be dull stuff

SAINTE-BELUE called the *duc de Saint-Simon* "l'homme du siècle" ("the spy of the century") and *Chief Cook*, the *duc* was. Well, it was for Saint-Simon's chronicles of his at Versailles, a great majority of us would probably adhere to a Saint-Gilday version of what went on in the ramified and established society of the Sun King.

In the eighteenth century, when the *duc* wrote his *Memoirs of the Duc de Lorraine* and *Louis XV*, he was considered a terrible gossip. Well, perhaps one day La Smith or Herb Caen would be called the Saint-Simon of our time, although I doubt it. Neither of them dwells on the kind of telling detail that Saint-Simon used in order to describe society, nor is either likely to be as



about the *Trajan* and *Ulysses* wanderings as an example of the latter. They could not have survived it without the espionage that goes on in a good story of *Conversations*. In those days people gossiped about the behavior of their heroes and how they managed to beat the will of the gods—about, not, just, what *Wagner* had to do, but what *Wagner* had to do, and what kind of *Wagner* had to do.

Much of what we know about medieval history is done by gossip. For instance, King John of England is known to us as *Bad King John* because of the many prejudices of a couple of most characters—for no other reason and certainly with no other proof. Our knowledge of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is based on hearsay, as is

our knowledge of the *Bay of Pigs* invasion of Cuba.

Any history of the eighteenth century England would be incomplete without the writings of *Madame de Sevigne*, who recorded the most interesting things, by far, that we know about her father, *Richelieu*, a prime minister. Walpole was a great friend of *Madame de Sevigne*, who was just only the father of the French Revolution but also the greatest of gossips.

When I bring me back to a certain kind of academic history. It is as dry as dust, and there is nothing the academics like to do more than that. But they find when they neglect the intimate moments of history. Without those glimpses into people's private lives, history is boring as well as unacceptably dishonest. The serious argument is this. Can a historian write the life of Frederick the Great, for example, yet ignore Voltaire's letters about him—letters that were full of witty, biting, and witty remarks? I say not, as a historian-one cannot. As a hero one can.

Madame de Sevigne, a serious writer if there ever was one, said that "who learns with whom is intrinsically more interesting than who writes for whom." Let me explain. If, for example, the British electorate had known as much as that *Madame de Sevigne* was, at best, totally uninterested in men, they would have been prepared for the kind of false machinations that *Madame de*

Sevigne was. (One never knocked at Versailles.)

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THE WAY TO JUDGE A MAN IS BY THE WOMEN HE GOES AROUND WITH.

embodied in his confrontation with the women—a confrontation that brought him and the Tory party down. Now that we know about Teddy Kennedy's philandering (not a bad thing in itself), it is important to find out whom he has phandered with. Because as we all know, the only way to judge a man nowadays is by the women he goes around with.

Give me a good, gossip history book, and I forget about women and wine. The examples are catnip—something like *Madame de la Tour du Pin* biography of Marie Antoinette. The lady-in-waiting's writings about the tragic queen's last days are as extraordinary reading; Samuel Pepys's diaries are an essential account for the light that they throw on the everyday life and ways of the Stuart court, and they are a delight because of their gossip style. Denis Wilson Hickley's writings, as well as those of the Countess de Launay on the last years of Napoleon. Swift, Deane—the list is endless. Visit today.

Now we have to go on with *Baroque Crowfoot*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Don't let the title fool you. Unfortunately, these people don't help us to understand anything at all. In today's quick-buck culture, goldsmiths can cook in as cheap pots. They're not interested in history or art. Nothing like what the gossip tells us about. Violence on its deathbed when a priest asked him if he renounced the devil, the great man looked surprised and said that this was no time to make new friends. Either they don't read them, like Voltaire anyone, or they don't grasp the way they are to.

The problem is that nowadays we want it both ways. We believe blindly anything we read that comes to us as straight gossip—Barack Kennedy's column, for example—and yet we want the fact that contemporary historians, such as Erik H. Erikson, Carl Bernstein, and Scott Armstrong write gossip history without string at their ankles. That is in a way understandable, because WoodSton and Armstrong don't live in the White House or in the Supreme Court. Nevertheless, if gossip was good enough for Swift, it's good enough for WoodSton. It's written like Arthur Schlesinger and Ted Sorensen who really ran the writing. They took on JFK, were nothing more than biography based on statistics. They took on the telling, intimate glimpses. And no wonder. Both gents were scored that Medford Owens and the rest of those beautiful Kennedy women would outpace them. Saint-Simon. Those two are not.

THEY TWO WERE ON A LUGGAGE in a London-based newspaper and author.

The Esquire

Early mornings, offhand comments, gentlemanly advice



MANUSCRIPTS AND MACHINES

SCIENTIFIC DATA

You Didn't Know That?

LISTEN, DON'T talk to me about bees. Soldier! bees, worker bees, queen bees, all of them, none of them, all of them, none of them. They have their own language, for starters. Sure. You think I'm kidding. Bees can talk. They did a study on it. You didn't know that? Scientists can talk to the bees the same way they talk to Pippa. They just put on their headphones and turn on their computer-monitors and start talking to the bees like somebody's home. Trust. They're been talking to the bees for years. They just don't let that get out because there'd be peace.

In fact, if we've been the bees who invented the A-bomb. Sure. You think people could've invented the A-bomb? Yeah. It takes a lot to come up with something like that.

Oh, they're smart, I give them that much. Very smart, those little bees are always working. I don't know how the scientists study the bee brain and

model computers after it. But you won't read that that in the evening paper. They couldn't get it like that out. They couldn't. There would be panic.

One thing those bees have come up with is a time-travel bomb. It's the perfect ultimate weapon. Its date somebody ever bombs us first, we send the time-travel bomb back in time and it bombs them before they can bomb us, so we never get bombed. Pretty good, huh? Anyway, here are all guarantees. They even have little bombs in glasses they wear. But it's just like the UFOs, they do a cover-up job on it. Just like we could get gas for a penny a gallon if we used this oil that was invented. You didn't know that? You didn't know that? Sure. You drop it in water. But the oil companies do a big cover-up on it. Just like the birth-control bug they have that could cover a whole city for just a neighborhood, if you get my meaning.

Then you'd have to go through a lot of paper work before you could have a baby. You'd have to be really smart about it. But the baby-boom couldn't do a big cover-up on it. You didn't know that? It's just

the tip of the corruption iceberg. Everybody's on the take. Schoolteachers (from the Kennedy), the cops (I think the government pays them).

I know what you think. You think you can ask the President for help. Forget that. Don't ask for help. He doesn't know who you are. Who are you? A school-teacher? Don't ask him for help. He doesn't even know his own name, he has people to do it. People answer his mail, not him. You could be dead and ask him for help and he wouldn't hear you.

Presidents try to tell themselves all the time, you know. There's so much pressure. It's like they're prisoners. True. Every President since the Hoover administration has been constantly trying to tell himself that they had it up. Who needs prison? They have to keep his arms to his sides so he won't do anything. Don't ever make that job. You can have it if I don't want it! But they don't want the straps when he's on TV.

Half of the time those Presidents are in the hospital, begging to be allowed to die. But they have to go on, they're loved by you and I—who are we? John G. Schumacher—no name here about 4. That's not the President you see on TV, anyway. He's in the critical ward somewhere. That's his double you see on TV.

Sure. You didn't know that? That's his double. You don't think they would let the President of the United States go out without in the open where he could be shot? They have too much money invested in him to do that.

Of course. All those guys have doublets, too, to make their speeches. You didn't know that? You didn't know that? Everybody has a double. It's all done with plastic surgery.

Those aren't the movie stars themselves you see up there on the movie screen, either. Yeah. That's their doubles. And everything they say is written out for them. They have people to do their conversation. And the weather lady on the phone? That's not her. That's somebody else's voice. Some woman's. But the movie stars sleep late, and who pays three millions of dollars in income taxes for the plastic surgery for their doubles? You need that the whole year, the whole on the ground shift who has to sit at lunch at three in the morning, the worker, the dress. So don't talk to me about bees.

—Mark O'Donnell

VIEWPOINTS, PRONOUNCEMENTS, AND RETORTS

That Spate Eats



THE ULTIMATE fantasy of mutant lovers is to imagine that each embodies the other's sex and thus to share the thrill of what the partner feels during intercourse. But in the course of his dream, each partner quickly haps back into his or her own skin. No one sharing that good with anyone.

PREDICTION FOR the Eighties: Middle- and upper-

SPORTS CAT

One look at the 1983 Cougar XR-7, and you'll know it's not a car like everyone else's.

Its classic profile and sporty styling set it apart from the crowd. And your Cougar XR-7 can be just as individual as you are, with options like TK-type lines, cast aluminum wheels, and a special suspension. Sporty interior seats.

Keyless-entry system.



Convertible-like carriage roof. Cassette stereo with Dolby™. And your choice of three engines: the 3.3 liter 6" or optional 4.2 and 5.0 liter V-6s...both available with Mustang Overdrive Transmission. The 1983 Cougar XR-7.

What starts out as a very special Cat becomes even more special when it's tailored to you.

COUGAR XR-7 FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

*The standard engine/driver's seat is rated  EPA est. 19/24 city, 24/32 hwy. Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

COUGAR XR-7
LINCOLN-MERCURY CORPORATION



CLASS CAT

Finally, there's a fresh, efficient, 4-door car that gives you more than blood practically. It brings you the remarkable style and heritage of the Cougar XR-7.

Introducing the Cougar 4-door.

It's a mid-sized car with the luxury of a full-sized car. Enjoy elegant space and tailored appointments like the optional Twin Comfort Lounge seats. Leather wrapped steering wheel.



President. Seated Systems. And many other options with the standard engine and automatic transmission. See us on

Cougar with a Supreme interior, the new Lincoln-Mercury logo, and

 EPA est. 19/24 city, 24/32 hwy.

The 1983 Cougar 4-door A 4-door car is one thing but a Cougar is another.



COUGAR FROM LINCOLN-MERCURY

*Compare to estimated MPG of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

COUGAR
LINCOLN-MERCURY CORPORATION





A new intelligence in a metal tape deck.
After it senses the bias and EQ levels,
it precisely controls the recording levels.

Making an accurate and faithful recording on most cassette decks requires a lot of practice, a lot of patience and a lot of jumping up and down. After all, with conventional decks, you have to adjust the recording levels as the music varies. But not with Technics RS-M51.

The first thing the RS-M51 does is select the proper bias and EQ levels for normal, Cr0, or the new metal tapes, automatically. That makes life easy.

So does our Autorec sensor. Just push a button and wait seven seconds while the RS-M51 seeks the proper recording level. 16 red LED's tell you the deck is in the "search" mode. When the green LED lights up, you're ready to go.

For manual control of the recording level, there's also a fine-adjust switch which raises or lowers levels in precise 2 dB steps. While the RS-M51's two-color peak-hold FL meters show you the signal being recorded.

With the RS-M51's record/playback and sendust/ferrite erase heads, you'll not only hear superb dynamic range, you'll also get a wide frequency response: 20 Hz to 18 kHz with metal. And with an electronically controlled DC motor and dynamically balanced flywheel, wow and flutter is just a spec (0.045%), not a noise.

Technics RS-M51. Don't be surprised if its intelligence goes right to your head.

Technics
The science of sound